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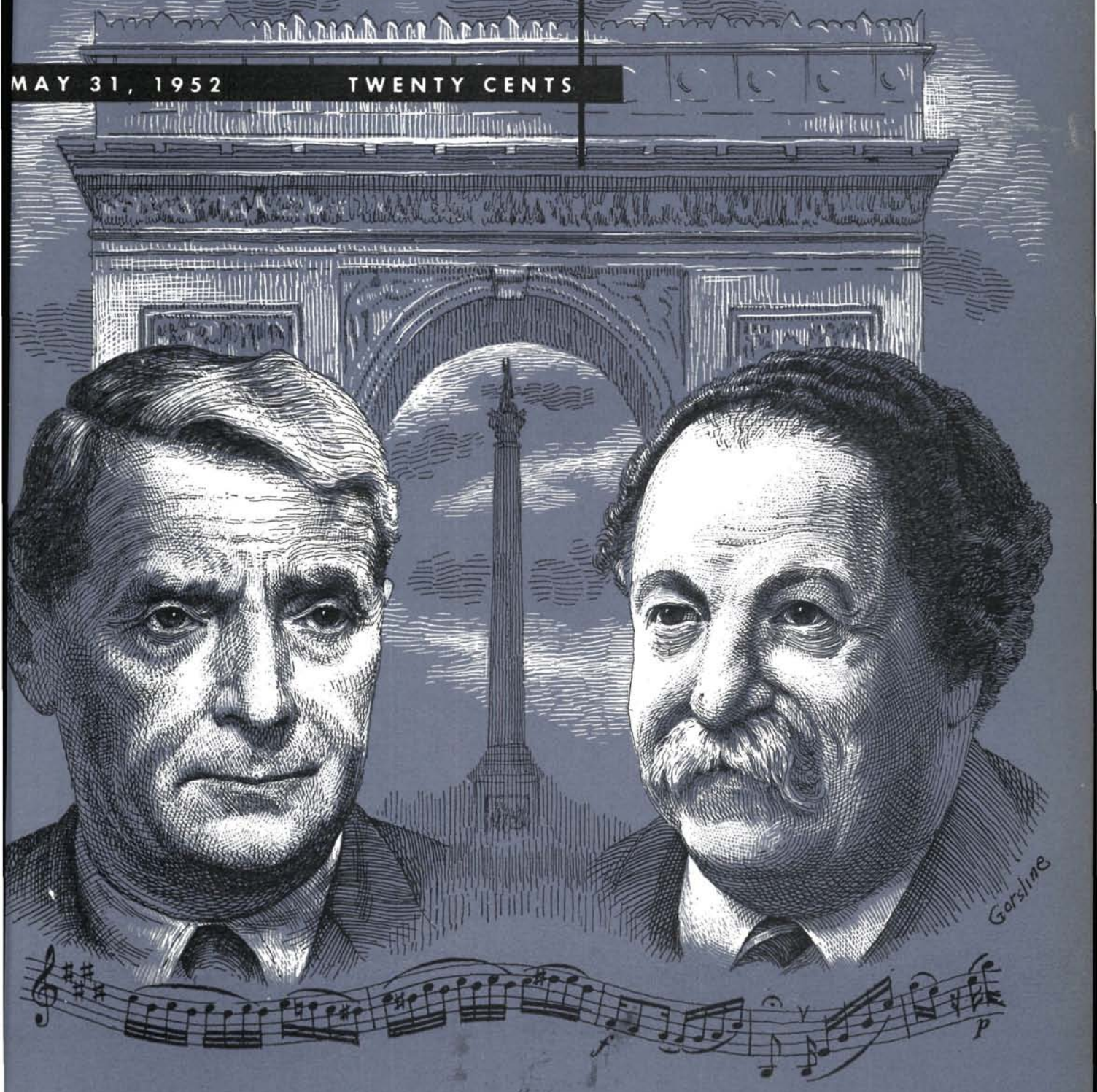
Saturday Review

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE WHODUNIT

By BEN RAY REDMAN

MAY 31, 1952 TWENTY CENTS



Charles Munch and Pierre Monteux, currently conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a tour of free Europe. *(See Recordings, page 37.)*

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ONE BITING-COLD FEBRUARY NIGHT, Lieutenant Adams was on a bitterly contested hill near Sesim-ni, Korea. Out of the dark earth the silhouettes of some 150 Communist troops rose up against the skyline. Ordering fixed bay-

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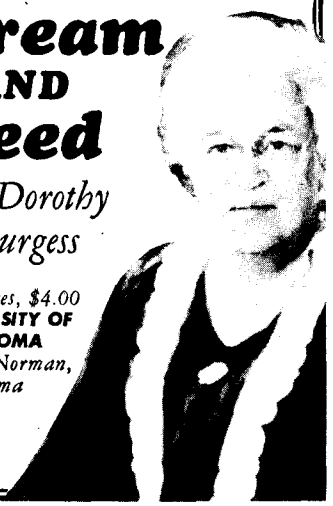

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Good News

▸ With the help of a magnifying glass, elderly Vernon H. Weiss of Adelaide, Australia, beat fifty lady contenders for the Royal Adelaide Exhibition gold medal for petit-point. Weiss used approximately 2,391 microscopic stitches to the square inch on his winning eight-piece dressing-table set.

▸ For the first time, a Negro student has been admitted to a previously all-white Catholic high school in San Antonio, Texas, according to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which declared this "precedent-shattering achievement will aid the NAACP materially in the fight to abolish segregation in the public schools of the South."

▸ A novel type of X-ray table permitting three-dimensional photographing of the heart has been designed by Dr. Oliven Axen of the Malmo, Sweden, General Hospital in cooperation with the engineers Gosta Bentzen and Torbjorn Ramussen. The new table, said to be the first of its kind in the world, makes it possible to photograph from two directions at right angles to each other, and takes up to five pictures per second. It is expected to facilitate the diagnosis for operating in serious cases of congenital diseases of the heart.

▸ Leon Jolson, a former Polish displaced person who arrived penniless in the United States five years ago, made a fellowship grant of $10,000 to Teachers College, Columbia University, a few minutes after he was naturalized as an American citizen at the U. S. Courthouse in Brooklyn, New York.

▸ The Wilkes-Barre Jewish Community Center was closed until 1 P.M. on Easter Sunday in order that its parking lot might be available to persons attending Easter services in the nearby First Baptist Church.

▸ Once more a resident of the little town of Wedderburn in Victoria, Australia, has dug for gold in the street and found it. A previous find about two years ago resulted in a minor gold rush to the town, but after the discovery of a gold pocket which had eluded earlier searchers, little gold was found. Recently Les Hall, who had staked a claim in the main street, was digging there when his pick struck a nugget weighing more than twenty-seven ounces. It was found only six inches below the road's surface.

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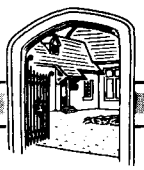

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Edited by PETER PUTNAM

A critical anthology of observations on Russia from 1698 to 1812, compiled from the first-hand accounts of an engineer in the service of Peter the Great, a merchant, a scholar, an ambassador to the court of Catherine II, a tutor to nobility on the grand tour, a historical painter to Alexander I, and an officer with the Russian army during the Napoleonic invasion. *Illustrated, $7.50*

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By GEORGE E. DUCKWORTH

The author's comprehensive treatment and sound judgment should make this work a standard reference for the classical student. Dealing primarily with the comedies of Plautus and Terence, the author analyzes their plots and characters, stage conventions, suspense and irony, verbal and musical features, the nature of the humor, and their originality. *$7.50*

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TRADE Winds

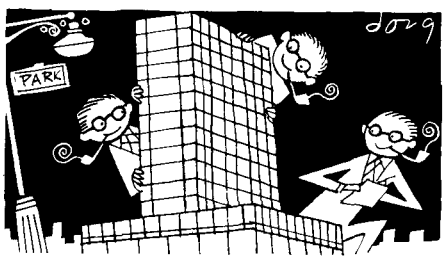
WHEN JUSTICE BERNARD BOTEIN completed his candid, behind-the-bench story for Simon and Schuster, Max Schuster had a lot of tricky suggestions for a title. Max rather fancies himself as a namer of books. His latest ambition, for instance, is to persuade a certain ex-administrator of Lever Brothers to write an autobiography and call it "No Soap." Justice Botein, however, is a simple man at heart, and named his book "Trial Judge." It is a moving account of a judge's work and responsibilities, and his relationship with the lawyers and witnesses who appear before him. Some judges wax more eloquent and flowery in their charges to juries and verdicts than a Southern senator on the Fourth of July. Justice Botein, however, belongs to the group personified by a fellow arbitrator, now gone to his just reward, whose marriage ritual consisted of the following: "Do you want to marry her?" "Do you want to marry him?" "Okay, you're married." It was just as binding that way—for better or for worse.

Wise-cracking witnesses get their come-uppance very quickly when they appear before Justice Botein. They will sacrifice the verdict itself, he declares, to be credited with a quip that may be picked up by a columnist or go the rounds at Lindy's. The Justice quietly asks the court stenographer to read back the witness's testimony. In the dull, unpunctuated sing-song of a court stenographer's tones, the best humor of Goodman Ace or Will Rogers would sound flat as a pancake. The wise-crackers wilt visibly, and confine the rest of their testimony to unadorned facts.

When Justice Botein was a boy in Brooklyn, he had a neighbor who took a particular interest in his progress. Every time she met his mother, she would inquire, "And what is Bernard doing now?" First the mother reported proudly, "Bernard's graduated from law school," later "he's doing a special job for Governor Lehman," still later, "he's been made senior member of a prominent law firm," finally, "he's been appointed a Justice of the New York State Supreme Court." At that, the neighbor clucked sympathetically. "Isn't it too bad," she noted, "that poor Bernie can't seem to get a steady job!"

I REFERRED ABOVE TO LEVER Brothers. A few days ago, through the courtesy of Jim Barnett, advertising-promotion V.P., I had a chance to go through the company's stunning new building on Park Avenue. It houses the 1,200 home-office employees of its four divisions (Lever, Pepsodent, Good Luck Food Products, and Harriet Hubbard Ayer Cosmetics) in luxury and economy of operation few competitors can equal.

The top three of the twenty-four floors are devoted solely to housing the huge air-cooling machinery. Desks, none of which are more than twenty-five feet from a window, can be raised or lowered to accommodate the physique of the persons using them, and furthermore, they've been designed so



that not a sharp edge is left to snag nylons. The windows are of blue heat-absorbing glass, which admits full light, but filters out 35 per cent of the sun's warmth. The ground floor is entirely open to the street on three sides —a perfect refuge during a sudden shower. The third floor is devoted to a cafeteria where employees can get a roast-beef luncheon for as little as fifty-five cents.

The sound-proofing is so perfect that, on an open floor where a hundred typewriters and computing machines were clattering along simultaneously, I heard scarcely any noise at all. An automatic mail conveyor, similar to devices used to transfer books in the newer public libraries, pops out baskets of mail at the proper floor and rushes outgoing correspondence to a central station on the second floor. In addition, there's a garden, an auditorium, and a garage that accommodates fifty automobiles.

A BIG-TIME MAKER OF SOAPS and detergents must be somewhat prejudiced in favor of cleanliness. The device perfected to keep the exterior of Lever House spotless is the talk of New York. It consists of a ten-and-a-half ton power plant car, built by the Otis Elevator Company, that looks like the bridge of a battleship, and runs around the roof of the building on standard railroad tracks. From it a steel gondola is lowered and raised along the side of the building on steel tracks six windows apart. A crew of three men control the movement of the gondola by means of push buttons, doing their window-washing with fresh warm water and a Lever Brothers detergent that, regardless of my feelings in the matter, is called Surf. They can polish up the entire building in six days flat.

Lever House is a thrilling addition to the Manhattan sky line. My only objection is to the modernistic chandeliers in the top executives' inner sanctums. Some of them would drive me plumb loco. I predict that one day soon Lever luminaries will mix some of their Lux Flakes, Rinso, Lifebuoy Soap, and Luxuria Disappearing Cream to wash those fixtures right out of their hair.

THERE IS A GROUP OF TROPICAL ISLANDS and keys off the west coast of Florida forming a barrier between the Gulf and the vast Charlotte Harbor. The biggest nearby towns are Fort Myers and Boca Grande. On these islands are several resort hotels and the winter homes of quiet folk who have no use for the gaudy tinsel of Miami Beach. A few years ago Roger and Louise Amory of Massachusetts, who knew and loved the Charlotte Harbor region, retired from business and founded in Boca Grande the Johann Fust Community Library. It boasts no automatic conveyors or suchlike gadgets; just a carefully selected collection of books (the Amorys' private collection was the foundation), a functional, air-conditioned building, and the 75-foot book-boat *Papyrus* to service readers on the surrounding islands. Dwellers in those parts think the Amorys are two of the most wonderful people in the world.

The Amorys named their library (now maintained by membership dues and voluntary gifts) after the wealthy goldsmith of Mainz, Germany, who financed Gutenberg in 1450 and assisted in the completion of the Gutenberg Bible. The Amorys get a lot of letters addressed to Johann Fust today. One of them, in fact, read, "Dear Johann: Your library will get along a lot better if you get rid of that inefficient Mrs. Amory. (Signed) A Friend." The Amorys are sure this note came from a visitor from other parts. It's the natives and hotel employees who choose the better-grade books to read.

THE ISLANDS AMONG WHICH the *Papyrus* cruises are associated with legends of the famous Spanish pirate Jose

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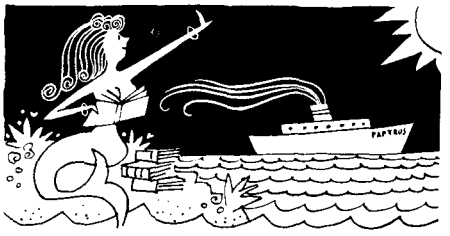
Gaspar, otherwise known as Gasparilla. One stop of the book boat is made at Captiva, where Gasparilla put most of his lady captives into what may be called hot storage. He even married some of them. Another stop is Useppa, where a tithe of Gasparilla's hidden treasure was once unearthed. Useppa today is headquarters for tarpon fishers. The *Papyrus* also



puts in at Cabbage Key, where Mary Roberts Rinehart once had a winter home.

The Amorys usually are on board when the *Papyrus* steams off on its rounds. "We enjoy the cruising," they say, "and we love reading, talking about, and exchanging books. It's a lot more fun in retirement than just playing golf and fishing." Publishers agree that there's only one thing wrong with people like Roger and Louise Amory. There aren't enough of them.

IT MAY HAVE BEEN A very young patron of the Johann Fust Library that Fannie Graves picked up on the road one day. The pile of books in his arms was almost bigger than he was. When he had settled in the car, Miss Graves asked where he lived. "It's a big white mansion," said the boy, "with a porch clear across the front, a library full of beautiful books, and a lot of tall trees on the front lawn. It's on top of a big hill." A few moments later they neared a small rise with a tiny, ramshackle cottage perched on top of it. Unpainted walls sagged into the grassless soil. The little tacked-on porch was warped from heat and rain. In the shadeless yard an old car was drydocked on four piles of brick.

The little boy beamed as he pointed, "That's it," he shouted. "That's home!"

—Bennett Cerf.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 948)

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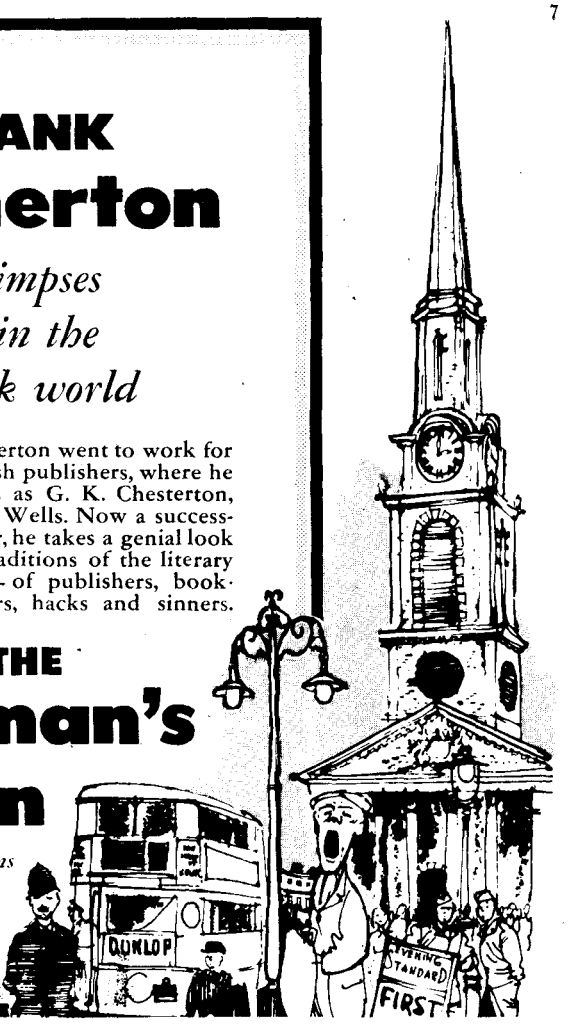

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The Saturday Review

MAY 31, 1952

Decline & Fall of the Whodunit

BEN RAY REDMAN

Ben Ray Redman

STORIES of crime and detection have their roots deep in the past. The crime story is as old as Cain, while the tale of detection is at least as old as Daniel's defense of Susanna. Man has always loved a mystery—perhaps murder mysteries best of all—and writers as great as Dostoievsky and Robert Browning have spent the best of their skill and genius on the spinning of such yarns. As for the detective story in its pure form, it might well have begun with Voltaire's "Zadig," for if that young man had chosen to exploit the deductive powers which he displayed to the Queen's Chief Eunuch and the Master of the King's Hounds he would surely have become one of the greatest detectives of all time. But he did not choose.

So, as all the descendants of Macaulay's schoolboys know, the detective story remained in embryo until Edgar A. Poe brought it into the world in 1841. The exact moment that preceded its delivery was when Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin, strolling at night in the vicinity of the Palais Royal, astonished his companion by apparently reading his mind, and then astonished him still further by explaining that the mind-reading was nothing more than the result of close observation and accurate analysis. Literature's first full-fledged detective was ready and waiting for his first case.

The form with which Poe experimented in "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and with which he fumbled in "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," was perfected by him in "The Purloined Letter" (1844). He had given a wonderfully fresh lead and a masterly example to his fellow writers and successors, but both lead and example were largely ignored for more than forty years, until 1886, when an impecunious Southsea doctor, by the name of Arthur Conan Doyle, stimulated by memories of Poe and Wilkie Collins and Joseph Bell, sat down to improve his fortunes by writing "A Study in Scarlet," in which a Dr. Watson would recount the unmasking of a murderer by a certain Sherlock Holmes—an effort which, by the way, was at first rewarded by a publisher's decision that the manuscript was "too long for a story, too short for a book." In the meantime, of course, Gaboriau had flourished shoddily in France, while Collins had flourished brilliantly in England, and Dickens, after putting Inspector Bucket into "Bleak House," had left "Edwin Drood" unfinished to tease the brains of generations of puzzle addicts. But neither Collins nor Gaboriau nor Dickens belongs in the true Poe-Doyle line that was destined to continue so prosperously and to ramify so unpredictably.

If Poe's example had been neglected, Conan Doyle's was not. The kind of tales that Dr. Watson had to tell whetted the public's appetite for more of the same, and many writers quickly came forward to supply the demand. At first their product was well below the standard of the master, but gradually there began to appear writers capable of advancing and complicating the detective story to a degree unattempted by Conan Doyle. R. Austin Freeman introduced genuinely scientific methods into his tales of Dr. Thorndyke. A. E. W. Mason gave the professional sleuth a leg-up in his contest with the fashionable amateur by introducing to the public the Surêté ace Monsieur Hanaud. Chesterton made his first collection of Father Brown cases in 1911. "Trent's Last Case" was published two years later. Max Carrados began his blind investigations in 1914. And after that, the deluge.

More and more the detective story attracted writers who had proved their intelligence in other fields. H. C. Bailey was a Classical First at Oxford long before he invented languid Reggie Fortune, whose intuitions so often proved so marvelously right. G. D. H. Cole, co-creator of Superintendent Wilson, was a Balliol man, a famous Socialist economist. Dorothy Sayers took first honors in medieval studies at Oxford, and is a translator of Dante as well as the only begetter of Lord Peter Wimsey. And on this side of the Atlantic, Willard Huntington Wright—who, under the name of S. S. Van Dine, beginning in 1926, did so much to advance the cause of the detective story in the United States—had sufficient belief in the scope and depth of his scholarly attainments to write an unfavorable review of "The Encyclopaedia Britannica."

AS the brows of the detective story writers grew higher, so did those of their readers. One by one the world's leaders in statesmanship, in business and the professions, declared themselves to be aficionados of the whodunit school of fiction, until it became an act of incredible daring for any man

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Ben Ray Redman, author, poet, critic, and anthologist, contributes regularly to The Saturday Review.

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in the public eye to admit that he did not enjoy detective stories; and many a coward, who honestly preferred to read Aristotle or Tolstoy or Flaubert, was reduced to the expedient of hiding his shameful text within a binding that was stamped with the name of Dorothy Sayers, Philip MacDonald, or Ellery Queen.

For a good many years the detective story advanced steadily on two fronts: it became increasingly ingenious, and it became increasingly well written. Competition flourished, excellence was produced. While some writers worked towards an ever greater complexity of plot, towards bafflingly brilliant crimes and dazzlingly brilliant solutions, others sought to people their stories with characters that were more than puppets, and to lure their readers on with narrative skills worthy of a "serious" novelist. But for the most part, despite wide variations of development and individual practice, the detective story observed certain rules. Not all of them are pertinent here, but a few are. Let me list the few.

1.) Deeds of blood and acts of cruelty should not be exploited for their own sake. 2.) In any story there should be at least as much detection as crime. 3.) The detective should never blunder into his solution. 4.) Romantic involvement of the detective with any woman, or women, should be frowned upon; while sex should definitely be forbidden to raise its fatal head on the detective's side of the fence. 5.) The detective should do most of his work with his brains, rather than with muscles, fists, or firearms.

These, as I say, were a few of the rules by which all self-respecting detective story writers abode until the close of the third decade of the twentieth century. Then, in the United States, which was still lagging behind England in this field of fiction, something happened to the detective story. What happened was a man named Hammett. The impact was terrific. We live today among conditions and convulsions that may be traced directly to the shock.

Dashiell Hammett's first novel, which followed many contributions to the pulps, notably *Black Mask*, was "Red Harvest" (1929). Its hero is a private detective—nameless, fearless, capable of absorbing a vast amount of punishment, and very handy with a gun—who finds himself involved in the murderous doings of a town that has been taken over completely by the forces of lawlessness and disorder. Sadism, in various forms, dominates the novel. Police Chief Noonan knocks hell out of a character called MacSwain. An amiable broad, named Dinah Brand, beats up a helpless consumptive with thorough enjoyment; and her house is later the scene of a sadistic free-for-all. The detective-narrator philosophizes: "Play with murder enough and it gets you one of two ways. It makes you sick, or you get to like it." Later the nameless operative finds that he "is getting a rear out of planning deaths." And the novel's climax is an orgy of multiple killings. With "Red Harvest" the hard-boiled school of detective fiction, bound in hard covers, moved out from the back room of the pulps into the bright light of the best bookstores. The private eye was stepping forward to claim his kingdom.

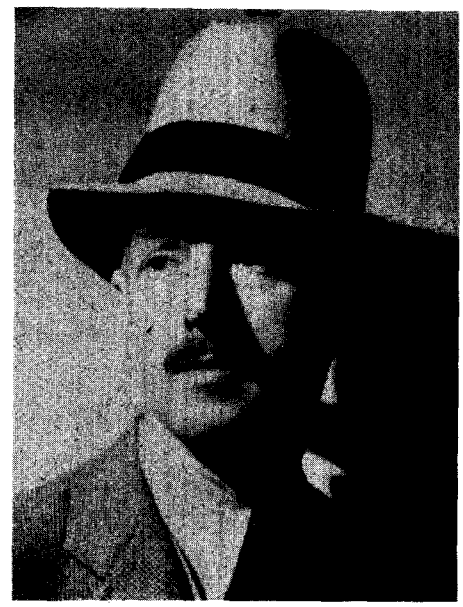
SKIPPING "The Dain Curse," also published in 1929, and coming straight to "The Maltese Falcon" (1930), which won its author instant popularity and prosperity, we find the private eye perfectly fashioned and in all his glory. Sam Spade—it is only fair to call him Sam Spade the Great—is the model of countless imitations, and, as will be noted later, exaggerations. Not only is he a fast man with a gun and capable of disarming any opponent who has the drop on him, not only is he tough and ruthless; he is also dynamite with the ladies. When Sam's charms prove obviously irresistible to Effie Perine, Iva Archer, and Brigid O'Shaughnessy it is plain that sex has entered the detective story with a bang—and come to stay. Spade must be credited, too, with firmly establishing the now traditional relationship between the private investigator and the forces of the law. Blessed with a burning ego and an uncontrollable temper, Sam is always at odds with the police and the District Attorney's office, but always able to get the better of them and thereby able to retain the precious license that they are constantly threatening to take away from him. "At one time or another," he boasts, "I've had to tell everybody from the Supreme Court down to go to hell, and I've got away with it."

When Wilmer kicks Spade, and Spade slugs Wilmer, we have a short and snappy example of the kind of sadistic scene that was destined to skyrocket in popularity. When Spade insists on Brigid undressing in the bathroom, he antedates countless strip-tease performances that were to clutter American detective fiction. When he turns to Brigid, just before denouncing her to the police, and says tenderly: "I hope to Christ they don't hang you, precious, by that sweet neck," and then slides "his hands up to caress her throat," he is acting a

(*Continued on page 31*)

—*Werner Wolff-Black Star.*

"Mickey Spillane brought to perfection . . ."



. . . elements juvenescent in Hammett . . .

. . . and mature in Chandler."

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Diplomacy vs. Resources

FRANK ALTSCHUL

Drew Middleton—"sense of urgency."

IN this book* Drew Middleton deals with one aspect, and for the moment the most critical aspect, of the defense of human freedom everywhere. In essence, this is the fundamental value which the masters of the Kremlin are committed to destroy. Wherever the power of the Soviet Union extends, every vestige of national independence and of personal liberty is extinguished. The ultimate purpose, fully documented in the writings of Lenin and of Stalin, will not be accomplished until the whole world lies quivering beneath the heels of the Bolshevik despotism. There is no longer any excuse for cultivating the slightest illusion on this point.

That the attack will continue on many fronts and by a variety of methods is not seriously open to question. Tactics may change from month to month; even long-range strategy may at times be modified; but under the present regime there is no hope that the mad dream of world dominion will be abandoned.

No one can assert with any degree of assurance what considerations will govern the policy decisions of the Soviet Union in the immediate future. It may be that the intention is, while avoiding the outbreak of a third world war, to undermine the economies of the free world by imposing upon it the necessity for a huge rearmament program, thus aggravating domestic difficulties in the great industrial nations and providing a climate favorable to the spread and final victory of international Communism. To capture the productive facilities of the Western world intact would be to gain a prize well worth some delay.

However, there is no indication that Stalin has ever abandoned the view which he has quoted with approval from Lenin: "The existence of the Soviet Republic side by side with imperialist states for a long time is unthinkable. One or the other must triumph in the end. And before that end supervenes a series of frightful collisions between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states is inevitable." As there seems no reason to doubt that this conception still dominates the thinking of the Bolshevik leaders, then the real question is not *whether*, but rather *when* the decision will be made for all-out war. It is possible that the interminable debates in the United Nations and the endlessly prolonged negotiations in Korea are part of a calculated plan to gain time. This may be due to the desire to avoid conflict until the development of atomic weapons and a strategic air force in the Soviet Union will permit an all-out and devastating attack upon the United States. Or it may be due to minor weaknesses in the Soviet military establishment well on the way to early correction.

In writing "The Defense of Western Europe," Drew Middleton, chief correspondent of *The New York Times* in Germany, has obviously been spurred by a sense of urgency. In his view the critical period in our relations with the Soviet Union lies immediately ahead. He suggests somewhat tentatively that in the spring or summer of this year the temptation to precipitate a third world war may prove irresistible to the Soviet Union, for thereafter the possibility of ultimate victory will be remote. "If there is no Soviet attack by the end of 1952," he asserts, "then the United States will find itself in a position without precedent in its history. It will be armed to the teeth at the head of a large and populous collection of states."

But it would be hazardous to assume that with 1952 the danger of war will have definitively passed. The masters of the Soviet Union may still believe that soft spots remain in the defenses of Western Europe which they can successfully exploit. "No Western statesman or student can say with certainty that the Russians consistently will avoid war in favor of political methods," Mr. Middleton warns. "What can be said is that if the Russians are impelled by the purely military aspects of the problem, they will attack before 1954; that is, before the immediate penalty for aggression is so great that the cost is prohibitive."

Much of Mr. Middleton's book is devoted to an appraisal of the elements of strength and weakness, actual and potential, on either side of the Iron Curtain. He deals with military, diplomatic, political, and economic factors in an arresting, if at times somewhat sketchy, manner. He urges us to avoid placing undue reliance on our superiority in raw materials, plant, and equipment, because in the free world it is at times not easy to commit these promptly to the creation of an adequate force-in-being.

Turning first to the Soviet Union and the prisoner states, the author emphasizes how much more readily, in a despotism, the vast proportion of total resources can be diverted into military channels. Under the lash of a dictatorship, workers in field and factory have no avenue of protest against a fall in the standard of living to levels far below any that would for an instant be tolerated in the nations of the Western world. Centralized direction, enforced by an all-pervasive police establishment, may for a time lead to miracles of production impossible of attainment under democratic regimes. Mr. Middleton presents a considerable body of evidence in support of the contention that the Soviet Union, in equipping great mobilized armies both at home and in the satellite states with the most modern planes, tanks, guns, and munitions, is performing such a miracle before our eyes.

What has been the nature of our response to this gigantic and menacing effort? Mr. Middleton holds the opinion, shared by many observers, that on the military front it has been grossly inadequate, and on the diplo-

*THE DEFENSE OF EUROPE. By Drew Middleton. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 313 pp. $3.50.

Frank Altschul is vice-president and secretary of the Council on Foreign Relations.

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matic front at times woefully inept. He makes full allowance for the difficulties which beset us and our allies. The frontier we have to guard stretches from the Baltic to the Aegean, with dangerously exposed flanks in Scandinavia and in the Mediterranean. If we are to avoid extending an open invitation to aggression, the free world must be strong from the tip of Norway to the shores of the Dardanelles.

This is a stupendous undertaking, only to be accomplished by the dedicated efforts of the NATO powers in which, at some early date, West Germany must be included. The sense of dedication until now has been insufficiently demonstrated. Taking ready cognizance of the shortcomings of others, Mr. Middleton points out that, in spite of our vaunted technical skill and our great industrial plant, we have fallen dismally behind in promised delivery to our allies of the implements of war. It seems that the sacrifices required will not be made until there is a far greater awareness than exists today of the true nature of the Soviet challenge. Taking the long view, it is the survival of Western civilization with all that it means in terms of human freedom that is at stake. In these circumstances, it would be disgraceful should we persist, in Mr. Middleton's words, in "buying time with the bodies of young men flying planes that are obsolete because the Smiths got a new television set and the Browns a new convertible."

Mr. Middleton is conscious of that inexperience which makes our leadership in international affairs seem at times an almost intolerable burden. But as we have been thrust willy-nilly into this unwanted role, he underscores some of the major diplomatic mistakes into which our immaturity has led us. Of these the most serious was the premature declaration in favor of German rearmament. This fanned the embers of old suspicions and increased the difficulties in the way of establishing that atmosphere of trust between France and Germany which enlightened statesmen on both sides of the Rhine have long felt essential to the defense of western Europe. At the same time it placed in the hands of the Soviet Union a powerful propaganda weapon which has been used with telling effect both at home and in Poland and Czechoslovakia, where the recollection of the horrors of the Nazi invasion is still fresh in every mind. It is possible, but by no means sure, that in spite of our blundering the Schuman Plan will come into operation, and the European army including German contingents will be created. But it is certain that we have unnecessarily complicated the task of our Continental friends.

As another example, Mr. Middleton echoes what we hear from many Europeans, that American impatience with the slow progress toward European integration is, to say the least, not well received. When this is expressed in the form of a threat that, unless the process is speeded up, we may discontinue economic and military assistance altogether, positive resentment is aroused. The Europeans have little sympathy with our inclination to "compare what the national states of Europe are asked to do today with what the states of America were asked to do after the Revolutionary War. The comparison is ridiculous. No one can compare the Virginia of 1789 with the France of 1951. In one case we had a new community, in the other we have a state with a national existence of over a thousand years. We are asking the individual European nations to discard national habits, customs, and traditions far stronger than anything that gripped even the oldest of the thirteen American states."

IN spite of this, Mr. Middleton testifies to the act that there is a growing sense of European solidarity. But he urges us not to expect too much, too soon. Thorny problems confront the Continental statesmen who seek to realize the dream of a federated Europe. They need our understanding and our continuing support. Above all, they need time. In our own interest it is imperative that for the present we continue to assist and to rearm Europe as it is, and not as ideally we should like to see it.

While Mr. Middleton pays high tribute to the British as, under all circumstances, a dependable ally, and to General Eisenhower for the enormous progress he has made in reviving Continental morale, he none the less paints a discouraging picture which hardly seems to warrant the suggestion toward the end of his book that "The 'door' to Europe seems very firm, very strong." It may be that he has in mind points which time did not permit him fully to develop. For example, there is our presumed superiority in atomic weapons, strategic and tactical, upon which he touches only lightly. There is the known inadequacy of Soviet transport facilities. There is at least the suspicion that within the Soviet orbit there is neither sufficient oil nor refinery capacity to furnish fuel for mechanized warfare over a prolonged period. Above all, and to this Mr. Middleton seems to attach too little importance, there is evidence of mounting disaffection among the ninety million people living in the satellite states, constituting an uncomfortable threat to the Soviet lines of communication.

But reflecting upon Mr. Middleton's book and certain aspects of the world we live in, it would seem that there is one tragic weakness on our side of the Iron Curtain which is daily losing for the United States the allegiance of many who should be unwavering adherents to our cause. It would appear that under the somewhat less than inspired leadership at home our capacity for moral indignation has become atrophied. We are aroused by the threat of Soviet imperialism only when we feel it as a threat to our own comfortable existence. We look upon the defense of Western Europe as an end sufficient in itself. We seem little disturbed by the fact that the peoples of Eastern Europe, separated from the West by an unnatural barrier, are living under a terror imposed by a thinly disguised foreign despotism, and are subjected daily to the most revolting indignities. I suspect that as long as this state of mind continues, the threat of a third world war will persist.

There can be no enduring peace before the nations now held captive by the Soviet Union have been released from their present bondage. Until we recover that crusading zeal, characteristic of our whole tradition, for the right of individuals to live out their lives in freedom under governments of their own choosing, our propaganda will be as hollow and ineffective as it has been in the past, and our defenses may yet prove inadequate to fend off the disaster which threatens the foundations of Western civilization.

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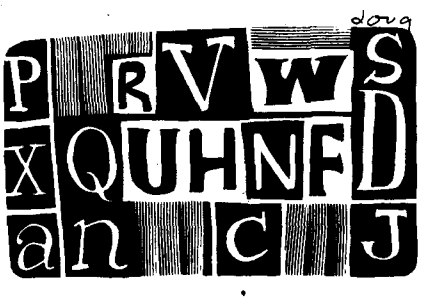
Belles-Lettres. *One of the striking literary phenomena of the past decade has been a large-scale critical and scholarly reappraisal of the work of Herman Melville. Over the past several years* SR *has reviewed most of the books that have grown out of this interest; this week Richard Chase discusses the latest trends in Melville scholarship in a short essay, discussing particulary three of the more recent books: Jay Leyda's "The Melville Log," William H. Gilman's "Melville's Early Life and Redburn," and Lawrance Thompson's "Melville's Quarrel with God"* (page 13). . . . *Probably no novel has influenced modern fiction more than James Joyce's "Ulysses"; certainly none has been so hotly debated. Among the chief contributors to the analysis and reappraisal of that work is Stuart Gilbert, who published an important critique in* 1930, *revised it in* 1938, *and has just re-revised it. The latest version, containing much new material, is reviewed below.*

Mystery of Agenbite

JAMES JOYCE'S "ULYSSES." By Stuart Gilbert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 407 pp. $5.

By Richard M. Kain



MOST serious Joyce readers owe to Stuart Gilbert their first introduction to the richness and complexity of "Ulysses." His monumental pioneer analysis, published in 1930, remains an essential Baedeker. Of all Joyceans he has enjoyed the longest and probably the most thorough acquaintance with the text of the Dublin epic. His constant assistance in the Morel-Larbaud French translation (1929) and his scrupulous editing of the definitive Odyssey Press edition (1932) alone would have won for him the respect of all Joyce scholars.

With his classical mental clarity and his rare combination of scholarly thoroughness and sophisticated taste, it is no wonder that he proved one of Joyce's most sympathetic friends. His study was written under Joyce's supervision; its authority is unquestioned. Here for the first time were elaborated the complex correspondences that form the skeleton of "Ulysses"—the symbols, colors, styles which characterize each episode, making the book a laboratory of creative writing. Here, too, the stress on Homeric parallels, and on the theosophical themes of paternity, metempsychosis, and the omphalos.

Though recent studies have supplemented, none has supplanted this commentary. Gilbert is a guide, not an evaluative critic, and tends to accept Joyce's innovations without the discriminating judgment of modern readers.

Stuart Gilbert has added one new chapter to his introductory material, a study of the esthetic preoccupations of the Nineties. Except for the case of Pater, and interesting parallels with "Baron Corvo," the influences on Joyce are rather sketchily traced. Ibsen is ignored entirely, as is Newman. It would be impossible to trace Joyce's immense reading during his formative years in a short chapter, but some mention should be made of these crucial figures, as well as the permanent effect of Joyce's grounding in scholastic philosophy.

Though Gilbert admits that Joyce did not quite achieve his planned impersonality, and attributes the vitality of "Ulysses" to his never entirely suppressed bitterness, he leaves the impression that Joyce created a static picture, technically perfect, detached, and indifferent in tone. This view has been seriously questioned, with closer reading of the Joyce canon, especially with the posthumous appearance of "Stephen Hero," first draft of the "Portrait," and the recently published "Exiles" notebook. Instead of the detached artist sketched in the "Portrait," Joyce seems a writer with a deep hunger for reassurance and recognition, and an obsessive concern with those aspects of his Irish background that he so steadily but unhappily rejected—nation, church, and family. Joyce frequently said that he had never left Ireland; he also never made peace with it.

In a new preface, Gilbert throws additional light on his relations with Joyce, and reiterates Joyce's interest in Berard's Homeric scholarship and in theosophy. He does not answer Mary Colum's recent charge that the Dujardin indebtedness was a hoax. Indeed, the evidence presented here and in other accounts seems to make a refutation unnecessary.

For the rest, the modifications in the original text are minimal—short descriptions of Byrne's and Kiernan's pubs, occasional parallels with "Finnegans Wake." Otherwise the text, so familiar to Joyce students, stands as it first appeared—the preliminary chapters on structure, tone, and basic themes, followed by an episode by episode commentary. One is again amazed at the wide range of Joyce's mind and at the diligence of his commentator.

The author apologizes for "the rather pedantic tone" of his study and suggests that it was dictated by the necessity of emphasizing the classical and formal elements of "Ulysses" in answer to those who attacked it as an uncontrolled romantic extravagance. That he has not modified the text is due to Joyce's imprimatur. The apology seems unnecessary, for though the commentary is detailed and documented, it has never been dull for diligent readers, and, though formidable in scope, it is frequently enlivened with Joycean vivacity, humor, and love of life.

The revision mentions few recent Joyce studies. Joyce's central place in twentieth century literature has been established on firmer grounds. No longer seen as quite the isolated artist of Gilbert's study, his affinities with naturalism, symbolism, and expressionism have been established. His themes have proven basic to modern thought. Scarcely a prominent writer of the last thirty years can be intelligently discussed without reference to him. In "Ulysses" alone, parallels to Dante, Shakespeare, and Swift, even to Irish saga, and to "Don Giovanni," have been explored. Others will undoubtedly be found, so richly allusive was Joyce's mind. Without the impetus of this basic commentary such studies could not easily have been undertaken.

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His Own Hero

THE MELVILLE LOG: A Documentary Life of Herman Melville. By Jay Leyda. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. Two Volumes. 899 pp. $12.50.

MELVILLE'S EARLY LIFE AND REDBURN. By William H. Gilman. New York: New York University Press. 378 pp. $5.

MELVILLE'S QUARREL WITH GOD. By Lawrance Thompson. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 475 pp. $6.

By Richard Chase

PERHAPS it will not be many years before Herman Melville, looking down from the happy whale-hunting grounds, will be able to observe a body of Melville criticism rivaled, in bulk, only by the criticism devoted to Henry James. So far, James has been more fortunate in his biographies and expositors than has Melville. What has often been regarded as the giddily rocking boat of Melville criticism is still rocking rather giddily, despite certain stabilizing influences such as the biography written two years ago by Newton Arvin for the American Men of Letters series.

Those who have undertaken to write on Melville tend to fall sharply into one of two categories. Either they produce painstakingly factual books which never get beyond the facts or they produce books which are interesting for their ingenuity or for their speculative or polemical point of view but which are not convincing in so far as they aspire to be rounded statements about Melville and his works. Both approaches can be and have sometimes been valuable. Yet so unstable is our feeling about Melville and our understanding of him that, so far, no one has been able to write about this unruly author as if he were in full command of the subject. The fact-gathering writers bury us under an avalanche of rough and unrefined data; the more venturesome writers tend to write with an excessively complicated ingenuity. And the unsolved problem would seem to be: how to write about Melville *simply* and with faithfulness to the facts without sacrificing an awareness of the real complexity of Melville's mind. In his recent biography, F. W. Dupee was able to write this way about Henry James. Perhaps someday it will be done for Melville. Meanwhile the fragments of an ordered understanding accrue.

Mr. Leyda's celebrated "Log" belongs in the fact-gathering category. The "Log" is a valuable book, setting forth, as it does, the known facts about Melville's life, his literary career, and his reputation during his lifetime. Mr. Leyda's very large book consists almost entirely of quotations from the primary documents: letters of Melville, his family and their correspondents, diaries, ships' crew lists, business documents, the juvenilia of the author, his journals of trips to Europe and the Near East, reviews of his books, newspaper articles about him and his family, passages he underscored or checked in the books he read, birth certificates, bank statements, journals of friends such as Hawthorne, and so on.

The arrangement of the materials is strictly chronological, extending from Melville's birth in 1819 to his death in 1891. There are moving and readable passages in the "Log," such as those setting forth the relation of Melville and Hawthorne or those containing what is known about the death by suicide or accidental shooting of Melville's young son Malcolm. On the other hand are long stretches in the "Log" of which one hardly understands the purpose, and Mr. Leyda's policy of reproducing every last jot, tittle, and tag-end of the facts will seem almost as tiring and productive of irrelevancy to the Melville specialist as it does to the general reader.

—Bettmann Archive.

Melville (1885)—"giddily rocking."

Apparently it is the sheer glamour of Melville that has led some people to acclaim the "Log" as if it were a kind of epic or as if it had, as Mr. Leyda seems himself to hope that it may have, the narrative excitement of a documentary picture. Occasionally it does have this kind of excitement, but fundamentally the "Log" is merely an exhaustive piece of scholarship of the drabbest and critically most noncommittal sort. This is its substantial value and its substantial limitation. The claim has been made that the "Log" has finally presented the "real" Melville, that earlier books on Melville are superseded by the "Log," and that no more critical effort is necessary or permissible. This is false. It will convince only those persons (of whom there are many) who are unable to distinguish between a large body of intellectually disorganized facts about an author and a genuine understanding of him.

Mr. Gilman's book is an expansion of his doctor's thesis. He has done for Melville's fourth book, "Redburn," the useful job Charles Anderson did some years ago on the earlier South-Seas romances. He has set out to discover, that is, how much of "Redburn" is reliable as autobiography, as setting forth the actual facts of Melville's first voyage, from New York to Liverpool, and how much is purely imaginary. His convincing conclusion is the same as Anderson's conclusion about "Typee" and "Omoo": that "Redburn" is much more an artistic fabrication than one might be led by the author to believe.

Melville himself was apparently not much impressed with "Redburn"; he called it a "beggarly" book and liked to refer to it as a book whose author knew it "to be trash, & wrote it to buy some tobacco with." Mr. Gilman, although pardonably inclined to overestimate the artistic worth of a book he has spent so long studying, is rather a better judge of "Redburn" than was its jocose author. He finds that despite the book's "imperfect characterization, inconsistency, and melodramatic excess" and despite its "lack of a plot," it stands up well in the context of related works by Cooper, Marryat, and Dana.

I should imagine that many readers, even academic ones, will be oppressed with the feeling that in much of his longish book Mr. Gilman is going through laborious motions which are a good deal in excess of what the subject demands. Surely it is obvious to any perceptive reader of "Redburn"

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that the book is part autobiography and part romance. The untutored reader does not know to what degree "Redburn" is a romance. Mr. Gilman does. Could he not have furnished this valuable information in a brief, well-written essay? Or at least in a book which would not consist so largely as does Mr. Gilman's of an undistinguished biography of Melville from his birth to 1841?

"Melville's Quarrel with God," by Lawrance Thompson, belongs in the "ingenious," "brilliant," and "unconvincing" category. Like Mr. Gilman he has got hold of an idea which is interesting but which is inadequate to sustain a book-length presentation. In the unlikely event that Mr. Thompson now has a perfect detachment, he will surely see that the more he extends his argument from chapter to chapter the more he unwittingly demonstrates the untenability of his view of Melville, and, one must add, the more he irritates the reader with the peversity of his rigid and monolithic exposition (which finally gets to the point of maintaining that "Billy Budd" is a savage attack on Christianity and that Captain Vere, a symbol of God, is in Melville's opinion a criminal).

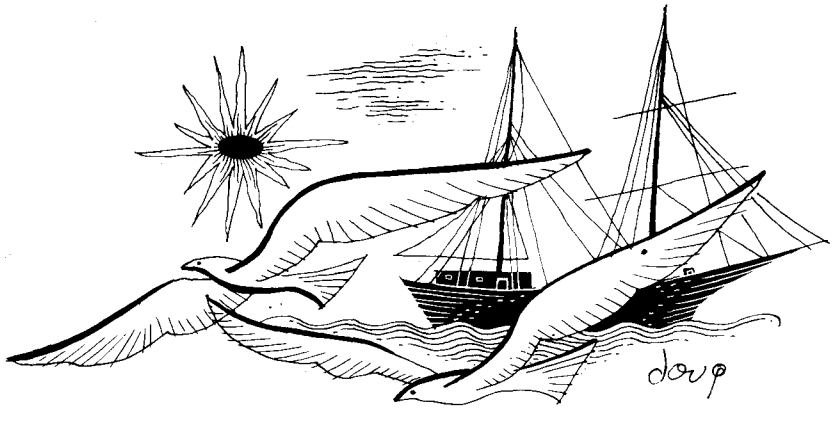
Mr. Thompson's thesis is easily stated. He believes that Melville's mind was permanently shaped by the Calvinist faith of his parents, who belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church. He tells us that Melville became bitterly disillusioned in his childhood faith and that instead of developing a more mature humanistic or religious attitude, he never progressed beyond his youthful reaction against the God of Calvin and spent his life protesting with a childish or adolescent spleen against the God whom he had once loved but soon came to hate. Mr. Thompson admits that this account of why Melville wrote as he did will not carry immediate conviction with most readers. He attributes this to the alleged fact that Melville wrote his works in a style Mr. Thompson calls "anti-Christian triple-talk," that, in other words, Melville always had three different kinds of reader in mind: the hasty reader who just likes a story, the more thoughful reader who concludes that Melville's opinions were a rather elusive combination of naturalistic skepticism, transcendental romanticism, and residual Christian faith, and finally the reader who perceives that hidden beneath Melville's ironies, myths, and metaphors there is a single, central purpose—namely to attack God and all His works. According to Mr. Thompson, Melville was contemptuously or humorously befooling readers of the first two kinds and was really speaking to those of the third kind. He believes that Melville's artistic devices are confined to the sarcasms, ironies, "traps," "hoodwinkings," and ambiguities he used in order to hide his real purpose and that this purpose has so far remained undiscovered by the critics.

Just why Melville should have gone to such lengths to hide his message is never made clear. Mr. Thompson speaks of an alleged necessity Melville felt to "protect himself from heresy hunters" and draws parallels with the use of irony and innuendo by such heretics as Bayle, Voltaire, Rabelais, and Montaigne. Now it is true that Melville knew and loved these authors and that on one side of his character he has a genuine kinship with them. But these authors, living under the threat of ecclesiastical censorship and imprisonment, had every reason to speak against the Christian God in innuendo. Melville faced no such threat. In "Moby Dick" Ishmael speaks for himself as a Presbyterian and he no doubt does so ironically. But he goes on to enunciate, with perfect forthrightness and simplicity, a creed which is pure Tom Paine. Mr. Thompson's difficulty is that he will never allow Melville to say anything with simple, heartfelt sincerity; his exegesis consists largely in ferreting out "naughty" ironies and "bitter" sarcasms not only where Melville *is* ironic but where he is not, where he is being merely factual or idyllic or epically imaginative or, as often happens, painfully frank and confessional.

Has Mr. Thomspon, by the way, never heard of Constance Rourke? Surely there is much in her "American Humor" which might have suggested more immediate and obvious sources of Melville's humorous mixture of irony, lyric feeling, and realistic sensibility from the native environment, from the "folk tradition," before he ever heard of Pierre Bayle or Rabelais. On this score Mr. Gilman is on more solid ground than Mr. Thompson. "Melville's Early Life and Redburn" contains brief but valuable passages showing how Melville's humor emerges from the folk tradition and popular literature of the time.

Readers who bridle at the mention of Freud will perhaps solace themselves with the observation that at least "Melville's Quarrel with God" is anti-Freudian. Mr. Thompson has a good-natured contempt for those Melville critics who have used this or that psychoanalytic argument. But as a student of ironies, he must surely find food for thought in the fact that the closest parallel to his book is Ludwig Lewisohn's literal-minded and quite unacceptable Freudian exposition of Melville in his "Expression in America." Lewisohn, too, believed that in the case of Melville, as Thompson puts it, "the child was father to the man," that Melville "might never have been an artist, in any sense, if he too had gotten his own inner conflicts straightened out," that Melville is an example of "arrested development" who "became stranded in the narcissistic shallows and miseries" of his "disillusionments," that all his ideas and artistic accomplishments are merely self-pitying fantasies or rationalizations emanating from his regressive instability, and so on. If one is going to advance Freudian arguments, is it not better to do so consciously rather than unconsciously?

In his preface Mr. Thompson rather predicts that his book will be attacked by nearly everyone. And so one feels a pang of conscience in not singling out the virtues of "Melville's Quarrel with God," however much one may be tempted to dismiss the book by renaming it "Thompson's Quarrel with Melville." These virtues are the author's liveliness and audacity, his readiness to accept the obvious fact that Melville's books do contain ironies, puns, symbols, and myths, his emphasis on the Rabelaisian and Voltairean influence. It is too bad that he has committed himself to a method which is indefensible in itself and which is so admirably calculated to pervert and obscure his real virtues as a scholar-critic.



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Early Admirer

CHIVERS' LIFE OF POE. Edited with an Introduction by Richard Beale Davis. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 127 pp. $5.

By Sculley Bradley

THE year after Poe died Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers was accused of echoing the rimes and tintinabulations of "The Raven." He reversed the charges, but apparently without hard feelings, for at that very time he began this awe-struck biography of Poe, never completed, and known to readers only through some selections in an article by George E. Woodberry a half-century ago.

Professor Davis's excellent edition of the fragmentary manuscript is both valuable and highly amusing. Poe was associated in real life with a number of characters who seem to have wandered out of the pages of fiction. Dr. Chivers, as man and author, was a tragi-comical blend of the florid, the lachrymose, and the shrewd. Poe's voice, he thought, was "musical as Apollo's Lute, and as plaintive in its utterances of his Memnonian Mystery as the prismy-lipped Shell . . ."

In spite of his aureate language, Chivers seemed to understand Poe, and the threads of their lives were curiously entangled. In the ten years before they met, each had written a youthful drama on the same actual "Kentucky tragedy," Poe had successfully solicited Chivers for magazine subscriptions, then reviewed him as being "at the same time one of the best and one of the worst poets in America," and finally offered his correspondent a co-editorship in return for one thousand dollars capital! When at last they met in 1845 in New York, Poe gave Chivers a better review; Chivers agreed to join him as editor—the *Stylus* never materialized—and later offered to take him home to Georgia as a permanent guest!

It is evident that Chivers was attempting to discredit Griswold's malicious account without denying Poe's human frailty. The ill-fated little family on East Broadway did not live in a tenement, and their rooms were furnished in the orderly good taste of genteel poverty. Virginia was "very tender-hearted and affectionate," but torn by "spasmodic convulsions" of coughing. "She has always been sick," said Poe, "since I knew her." When

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Jane Welsh—"increasingly unwanted."

Poe declined the lemonade she offered them, Chivers remembered Griswold's accusation concerning the poet's drunken "groanings." Says the sensible Doctor, "Groaning is a very necessary thing," caused by "spiritual vigor necessary to be let off in some way or another, or a man would die."

The Georgian's sympathies, however, did not blind him to the facts. He reports Poe's tipsy attempt to provoke a street fight with Lewis Gaylord Clarke of the *Knickerbocker*. Chivers had to pilot him home, where the stricken Virginia fled to her room while Mrs. Clemm put her "dear boy" to bed. "Oh, my poor Virginia," she exclaimed. "She adores him. . . . Would to God she had died before she had ever seen him!" Once, when he was "not himself," Poe confessed, "I am in the d—dest amour you ever knew a fellow to be in. . . . Her husband is a painter —always from home—and a d——d fool at that." He later denied the words, but Chivers gave him twenty dollars to go to Providence, where he was seen with Mrs. Osgood, who fits the description. Not a pretty picture, but it witnesses against the Freudian interpretation of Poe's frustrations.

Chivers made another contribution by his careful record of Poe's remarks on poetry—that he preferred Tennyson's "poetic sense" to Shelley's "abandon"; Keats excelled Shelley in discipline, although he too could succumb to "abandon." Chivers, surely an "abandoned" poet, was perplexed, and Poe repeated, "A pure poem is one that is wholly destitute of a particle of passion." Because, at his best, he practised this principle so perfectly, Poe has remained a living force in this century among poets who restored to romanticism its pristine ideals of firmness and intellectual discipline.

Sculley Bradley is professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and editor of its Quarterly Magazine and Historical Chronicle.

The Bosom's Itch

NECESSARY EVIL: The Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle. By Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson. New York: Macmillan Co. 336 pp. $5.

By Gordon N. Ray

THE Carlyles offer one of the most attractive and challenging subjects in the whole range of literary biography. Consider the materials ready to hand: thousands of bitter, witty, eloquent letters which form in some ways the most remarkable correspondence in English annals. Think of the life-drama that these letters reveal. The prelude was a five-year courtship, in which the only apparent link between spoiled, flirtatious Jane Welsh and her dour and awkward peasant-born lover was the love of letters instilled in her by her adored father, in rising to whose level she had as a girl lifted herself above the trivialities of provincial society. Yet Carlyle persevered and won out in the end over Jane's more conventionally qualified suitors. There followed the forty-year "union of this ever-diverse pair." During Carlyle's protracted struggle for recognition their life together was lonely and difficult but reasonably harmonious. Success, which brought release from financial anxiety and admission to the best society which London had to offer, also seemed to force them apart. Jane felt increasingly unwanted as her husband became immersed in new work and new friends; and Carlyle, who continued to love and to need her, never spoke the words of reassurance for which she had longed. Carlyle survived for fifteen years after Jane's death, sunk in senile despair and feeding his remorse with the hectic letters that Jane had written during her fits of disappointment.

Carlyle entrusted his posthumous reputation to James Anthony Froude, who failed to make adequate allowance for the exaggerated self-reproach of his master's last years. The publication of his brilliant "Thomas Carlyle" (1882-4) and his attendant edition of the "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" (1883) touched off a raging controversy regarding the degree of blame to be assumed against Carlyle for Jane's unhappiness. Froude's devoted but misguided lament was quickly met by counter-

Professor Gordon N. Ray, head of the University of Illinois English Department, edited "The Letters and Private Papers of William Makepeace Thackeray."

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claims from Carlyle's advocates. Few subsequent accounts of the Carlyles, whether studied separately or together, have been entirely unmarred by acrimonious partisanship; and out of the rehearsals of the Carlyles' domestic difficulties have grown the most unwarranted and deplorable speculations.

The Hansons have refused to be drawn into this unedifying debate. Instead, they have gone back to the original documents, from which they have related a plain, unvarnished tale. As the Carlyles' story tells itself in their pages, the reader feels once again the force of the maxim, *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*. "Necessary Evil" is the Hansons' title, but the total impression of their narrative is better summed up in their epigraph, an extract from Carlyle's letter to his wife on her forty-third birthday: "A woman, and, on the whole, a 'Necessary Evil' to a man." From the ordinary husband these words would be grudging and churlish; from Carlyle they were a panegyric. One doubts whether in her heart of hearts Jane ever regretted her choice of Carlyle any more than "Stella" ever regretted her choice of Swift.

The considerations just rehearsed amply warrant the unusual biographical method which the Hansons employ. Their narrative consists very largely of quotations from or paraphrases of the Carlyles' letters, on which they have drawn more comprehensively than any previous biographer. After a hasty examination, indeed, the reader is almost inclined to protest that their book should properly be called "'The Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle,' by herself, with the collaboration of her husband and the editorial assistance of Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson." The acute analysis that accompanies, for example, Iris Origo's article on "The Carlyles and the Ashburtons" in the Autumn 1950 *Cornhill Magazine* is wanting. But further reflection makes it evident that such dissection would detract from the en-

(*Continued on page* 29)

Fiction. *Few places of business fascinate those who do not labor in them as much as the newspaper office, with the consequence that novels about journalism are legion. The majority are domestic products, more remarkable for their pace and drama than their style and characterizations. This unusual week sees the publication of two British novels about newspaper life, one ("Morning Star," by J. L. Hodson) notable as a literary work, the other ("The Paper Palace," by Richard Harling) outstanding in the suspense category. . . . Another glamorous calling, the making of films, has seldom been treated adequately in fiction. W. R. Burnett, who knows whereof he reviews, considers Stephen Longstreet's "The Beach House" (page 17) one of the better novelistic treatments of Hollywood. . . . Two decades after the publication of "The Good Earth," Pearl Buck has written another novel that comes close to matching its power and beauty. "The Hidden Flower" (page 18) is about Japanese and Virginians and the American occupation of recent years.*

Mist, War & English Ink

MORNING STAR. By J. L. Hodson. New York: Simon & Schuster. 376 pp. $3.50.

By Walter Havighurst

OCCASIONALLY a novel gets written that recalls Walt Whitman's statement: "Camerado, this is no book; who touches this touches a man." Mr. Hodson's novel has the integrity of an individual mind and the warmth of personal feeling and conviction. It is a book that must have sprung from long reflection as well as clear-eyed and dispassionate observation. It has the steady ring of truth, both in its outward picturing of contemporary England and in the tangled motives and emotions of its people.

The *Morning Star* is a newspaper published in a northern industrial and seaport city, a city majestic in its ugliness and its scars of bombing. It is a newspaper of the North—"Its bone and sinew is northern; its thought is northern"—it has a non-Conformist tradition. Mr. Hodson, a veteran Lancashire newspaperman, tells of the struggle to preserve its independence.

Samuel Sedgwick of Fleet Street set out confidently to add the *Morning Star* to his newspaper chain, and when he encountered Oliver Blackwood, its editor, he merely increased his pressure. Blackwood had only conviction against his adversary's millions, but his conviction spread to thousands of North Country people. It spreads also to the reader. One measure of Mr. Hodson's success is that before his novel closes the *Morning Star* has become as real as the people in its offices and copy rooms, and there is a sense of victory as, in the deep reaches of the old building, the presses again begin their steady throb and rumble.

In the midst of the struggle for control of a great newspaper, Mr. Hodson shows a conflict of personal loyalties and affections. Oliver Blackwood is upright, but he is very vulnerable. He has suffered poignant personal defeats with his wife and son, and his adversary does not hesitate to attack him where he has no defense. The adjustments required in Blackwood's personal life are hardly less significant than the winning of a future for his newspaper.

The theme behind this fine big novel is spiritual rather than political. The struggle is not between Socialism and Conservatism but between regimentation and independence; the threat is nationalization of men's minds. Oliver Blackwood resists Socialist control as passionately as he resists being smothered by Conservatism. His fight is not for a doctrine but for individualism.

Blackwood is a disillusioned man, aware of post-war tensions and cynicism, the hatred of authority, and yet the want of self-control; but he is not an unhoping man. He still believes in men, in their capacity for judgment and responsibility. "What I feel strongest is the need to support the individual in his struggle for survival against the groups and combines in private enterprise and against the weight of the State in his daily life." No political party glows with an inner light, but when its independence has been preserved the *Morning Star* shines clearly in its gray northern skies.

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Class, L. A.

THE BEACH HOUSE. By Stephen Longstreet. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 366 pp. $3.50.

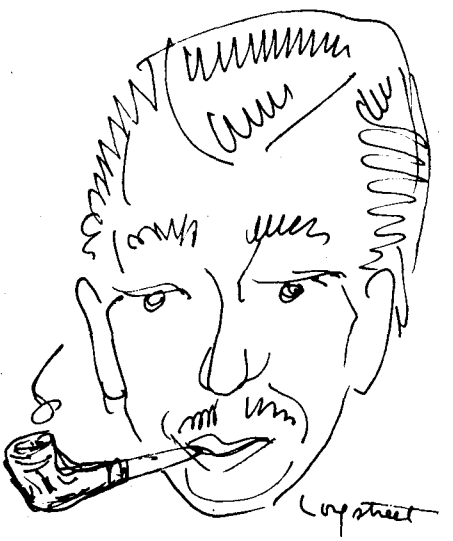
By W. R. Burnett

HUNDREDS, perhaps thousands, of stories, novels, and plays have been written about Hollywood since Carroll and Garrett Graham's "Queer People" appeared some time in the Twenties. None of these works amounted to much, with the exceptions of Nathanael West's "The Day of the Locust," and F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Pat Hobby" stories. (I am heretical in regard to "The Last Tycoon," which, to me, is over-romantic and Fitzgeraldish in the worst sense.) Most of these works, aside from the unevenness of the talents represented, were spoiled by wrong approaches: ferocious satire, slapstick, phoney superiority to material, realistic detachment, a heavy leaning on "real people," and so forth; but the realistic approach has been used the most and is the least likely to succeed. How can one write realistically about a mythical land?

West and Fitzgerald made no such error. "The Day of the Locust," dealing with a sort of Hollywood lunatic fringe, is one long, accelerating nightmare, and in my opinion a work of genius. The Pat Hobby stories, rough and brutal on the surface, are actually subjective pieces written out of fear and despair by a wrecked Fitzgerald. They are, one might say, epitaphs to a career of folly.

Stephen Longstreet, in "The Beach House," has tried to combine the normal realistic approach of the Hollywood novel with the nightmarish surrealism of Fitzgerald and West, and in some respects he has succeeded in writing one of the best novels ever done on the subject.

"The Beach House" might well have been called "The Decline and Fall of Mike Zellsmith." At one time Mike was on top of the heap in Hollywood: a prosperous and respected independent producer; an "artist," in a sense, whose values were not the stark commercial values of the rest of the town; a self-educated man sincerely interested in music, literature, and painting; an over-emotional man with a tendency to escape harsh reality at times with the aid of the bottle. On the downgrade now, we watch his humiliating turns and twists as he tries to promote enough money to produce a quickie and so stage a come-back. We meet his strong-minded, managing wife, his neurotic girl friend, his epicene assistant, his bewildered, highbrow writer, and the sordid drama of his downfall unrolls before us in a series of well-imagined scenes, written out of a true knowledge of the town.



—By Stephen Longstreet.

Stephen Longstreet—"markedly superior."

There is more than a touch of West in the scene at a beach house where a drunken revel is interrupted and spoiled by the painful death of a pet dog; in the awesome funeral of a film magnate, staged by his studio publicity department; in the birthday party given for a group of French poodles owned by various members of the film colony; and in the mysterious, elusive figure of Harry Kamp Matt, comic strip promoter, who moves, as Longstreet says, like a Kafka character through the streamlined Hollywood jungle.

The book has its flaws. At times the writing is so garbled as to make me suspect the printer and proofreader of sabotage. What are we to make of: "They gave the tow-car man five dollars who spit tobacco juice on the roadway." Or: "But they didn't run it [the bank], except as stooges in well-pressed tailoring using six per cent in as deadly a war as machine-guns." ? At times, too, the writing is over-elaborate and pretentious, and the book could stand expert cutting and editing. The neat ending —Mike's reconciliation with his wife— is grossly out of key with the rest of the story.

But aside from all this, "The Beach House" is an engrossing book, and markedly superior to what literary people quickly, and I think rightly, dismiss as "just another Hollywood novel."

W. R. Burnett is the author of "The Asphalt Jungle," "Little Caesar," "High Sierra," and many other novels, short stories, and screen plays.

Standing Secrets

THE PAPER PALACE. By Robert Harling. New York: Harper & Bros. 248 pp. $3.

By Charles Lee

ROBERT HARLING'S first novel, a tale of suspense built against an authentic English newspaper background, is a slick performance. Told in the first person, smooth as plastic and bright with razor-edge ironies, it's a sure-fire guarantee against the spring slumbers. It won't win prizes but it definitely will win friends.

What starts things going is the whimsical decision of the newspaper publisher, "the Baron," to write an obituary for the narrator-columnist's regular feature, "Objects and Subjects." Why the Baron should elect to perform this curious gesture teases the minds of both the columnist (who goes unnamed) and his editorial boss, David Wensley. Their curiosity deepens when the subject of the Baron's funereal inspiration turns out to be a notorious and eccentric English Red whose poverty of spirit is paradoxically balanced by an excess of wealth.

The Baron, tall, bald, jowly, and imperious, is a lesser Caesar in an Oxford gray suit. He has a file-edge voice, eyes the color of stainless Sheffield steel, and a manner that "made you feel the way a Christian in the Colosseum must have felt with the lion padding steadily in his direction across the wide arena."

This is the man whose past David Wensley decides to investigate. How come, he asks, did the Baron, an ordinary reporter at forty, arrive at his millions? What connection, if any, was there between his tycoon boss and an enigmatic Red killed in a jeep accident in Yugoslavia?

Wensley's erudite columnist is given the assignment to work out between paragraphs. He does, of course, with very surprising results that take him along Fleet Street, into the company of the deceased Red's eighty-five-year-old mother and twenty-five-year-old mistress, back into the bloody history of the Black and Tan troubles in Ireland, and at last to a kind of sardonic exile in America. The fact that he was once a professional researcher makes his detective work easier; it also makes him so conscious of the trees that he fails to see the forest until it is too late.

Mr. Harling's "shop talk" is journalistically alive. His story is diverting and absorbing, and what he has to say about the ugliness of certain kinds of power has many points of reference outside the pages of his book.

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Sometime Innocence of Love

THE HIDDEN FLOWER. By Pearl S. Buck. New York: John Day Co. 307 pp. $3.50.

By HARRISON SMITH

FOR many years Pearl Buck has drawn on her knowledge of the people of the Far East, and especially of China, for a long series of novels, short stories, polemical works, translations from the Chinese, as well as books for children. Since that country is now more remote from Western influence than it was in the eighteenth century, it is not surprising that Mrs. Buck has turned to the Japan of the American occupation for her latest novel, and also to the theme of miscegenation. "The Hidden Flower" is a love story which in almost any other writer's hands would have culminated in irretrievable tragedy. Through Miss Buck's conviction that the salvation of mankind depends on a union between the East and the West, however, it terminates in a surprising and somewhat mystic consummation.

Josui Sakai, a beautiful Japanese girl of good family, was born in California. On the outbreak of World War II she returned with her father and mother to Kyoto. When the Americans arrived, she was engaged to a suitable young man after the delicate negotiations through which for centuries Japanese families have been united through the marriage of their children. It was unfortunate that she had not forgotten the freedom of the American girls she had known, for one day, as she was entering the university, she met a blonde and blue-eyed lieutenant. For both of them it was what is known as love at first sight.

Alan Kennedy, the only child of an old Virginia family, had been in the army long enough to know that he should not attempt to seduce an aristocratic Japanese girl, or failing that, marry her; and he certainly should not have forgotten that his mother was a domestic tyrant who would never accept as her daughter-in-law any member of a "colored race." After Josui had broken her engagement, and incidentally her father's heart, the enamored couple were married by a Buddhist priest. Alan's indulgent colonel sent him home, and poor Josui after a few breathless nights of love followed him to Virginia.

She was refused permission to enter the ancestral mansion. After discovering that he could not marry her in Virginia and that a Buddhist ceremony was not binding in the United States, Alan took her to New York. In his eyes she had suffered a sea change in crossing the Pacific. In Kyoto she had represented an ancient culture he vaguely comprehended. In a small city apartment she was merely pathetic and embarrassingly unlike a Virginia girl he had once thought of marrying. When he drifted back home, he was so obtuse that he did not know that in a few months he was destined to be the father of an illegitimate child. Josui fled to the kind of refuge in San Francisco where girls who had fallen in love with the American army were delivered of their babies and who after a week never saw them again. She abandoned her son to a childless obstetrician who had sensed that there was something strange in this determined young woman who was returning to her family in Japan and something still stranger in the miraculous child.

Mrs. Buck is eloquent about the conception of the baby, "the world child." She writes, "When was the mortal life of the child begun—somewhere in the glorious months, at some place of love in the chain of days and nights of love the world child was living. They were not thinking of him but of themselves." It is difficult to avoid the suspicion that she is announcing the creation of a new Savior of mankind, born of a Virginia gentleman in the U. S. Army and a Kyoto girl of good family who fell in love with him at first sight. All this is slightly confusing since Mrs. Buck's subject has appeared to be the unfortunate result of the mating of a most admirable young Japanese with an American who in sterner days might have been called a scoundrel, and who after he had abandoned Josui was dismissed by his home-town girl when he asked her to marry him because he did not know the meaning of love. But for the purposes of this fascinating and often moving novel it was doubtless unnecessary to analyze the quality of the love that was offered, or Mrs. Buck's motive for proclaiming the child that was born of it a Savior.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

"A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE"

Mary Brobston, of Bessemer, Alabama, offers fifteen quotations about roses. Can you identify either poet or poem in each case? Eight correct is par, ten is very good, and twelve or better is excellent. Answers on page 31.

1. Plant thou no roses at my head, nor shady cypress tree.
2. One sad, ungathered rose on my ancestral tree.
3. Any nose may ravage with impunity a rose.
4. Out of his mouth a red, red rose!
   Out of his heart, a white!
5. He wears the rose of youth upon him.
6. The bride hath paced into the hall,
   Red as a rose is she.
7. The rainbow comes and goes, and lovely is the rose.
8. I sometimes think that never blows so red
   The rose as where some buried Caesar bled.
9. Flowers of all hue and without thorn the rose.
10. The tear down Childhood's cheek that flows
    Is like the dewdrop on the rose.
11. O my luve's like a red, red rose
    That's newly sprung in June.
12. That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet.
13. Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
    Flushing his brow.
14. Strew on her roses, roses,
    And never a spray of yew.
15. There is sweet music here that softer falls
    Than petals from blown roses on the grass.

Fiction Notes

THE STRANGE BRIGADE. By John Jennings. Little, Brown. $3.50. John Jennings is a veteran historical novelist, a glib tale-teller, and once again he offers us a sound product with no disappointments and no surprises. His strange brigade is composed of a group of Scottish families, left desti-

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Personal History. *In a way Gene Fowler resembles Lytton Strachey, for he has founded a school of biography. Fowler's bright, light lives of John Barrymore, Jimmy Walker, Jimmy Durante, and other men of affairs, long on anecdotes and short on interpretation, have won him a host of readers and several imitators. Among the most successful of the latter is Robert Lewis Taylor, who first essayed this art form with a book about W. C. Fields and now turns to Winston Churchill in the volume Vincent Sheean reviews below. . . . A fortnight ago in reviewing two books about blindness—Peter Putnam's "Keep Your Head Up, Mr. Putnam!" and Henry Barry's "I'll Be Seeing You"—we commented on the unusual crop of inspirational books this spring. Now we review several more: two for parents, John P. Frank's "My Son's Story" (page 20) and Dorothy W. Baruch's "One Little Boy" (page 21), and one for the ladies, Mary Bard's "Forty Odd" (page 31).*

Robert Lewis Taylor—"nasal epigrams."

Today's Own Pericles

WINSTON CHURCHILL. By Robert Lewis Taylor. New York: Doubleday & Co. 433 pp. $4.50.

By VINCENT SHEEAN

MR. TAYLOR has written an amusing book about everybody's favorite character. It was difficult to do because the subject himself has written it all out at exhaustive lengths, as have others. The merit of the work is twofold: it summarizes many volumes which all of Winston's admirers do not have time to read, and it does so in what seems to be an American dialect. It is a fable in slang, and as such deserves the success it will have.

Just the same, the relentless and untiring brightness of the book bore heavily upon this reader's nerves. It never lets up for a moment. This kind of brightness is suited to those who read a paragraph or two at a time, at convenient intervals, interspersed with other activities and unencumbered by thought. But for one who has spent a lifetime reading and writing, and is as a result used to paying close attention to every word, such glitter fatigues beyond measure.

Let me give a few examples. Leonardo da Vinci was a "Renaissance hustler." William of Orange was a "nosy continental." Louis XIV was "famous for mediocre decisions." The first Duke of Marlborough's emoluments were "a neat haul." William the Conqueror was a "hungry nuisance." And, if you care for a more extensive aria, lend an ear to this sentence on fox-hunting in Ireland: "Taken all around, if foxes were as smart as they're traditionally supposed to be, the ones in Ireland would have joined the snakes in the general walkout at the time of Patrick's tantrum."

These whacks are in a well-established American tradition, and one of our greatest writers, Mark Twain, impressed them on the consciousness of the world. But Mark Twain had the sense to space them out, to give them room, to let his reader breathe between-whiles. Here we are unmercifully hammered from beginning to end, and the nasal epigrams are only interrupted by equally nasal superlatives about the character of Winston Churchill, of whom the author says: "It is wholly possible that he is the liveliest yet produced by the upper vertebrates."

The opening words of the book are: "The last of the great statesmen, Winston Churchill . . ." I am certain Mr. Churchill would agree with me in saying that, although he may well be the latest of the great statesmen, he cannot be the last if this race is to endure.

The story of Churchill's life is dazzling as it is, just as it happened in the fulness of time and by the will of God. To have it reflected in a dozen burnished mirrors of admiration and emulation is really too much. Our author was undoubtedly convinced that so brilliant a subject demanded a sustained ecstatic brilliance of treatment, although any child should know that you cannot wear your gloves and carry them at the same time. Wherever the subject himself comes through unmistakably, so that we can say: "Aha! That's Winston Churchill!" the point is clear. For example, in early days when Churchill had suffered more than his share from inability to study the classics, he was told that Gladstone read Homer for pleasure, and remarked: "Serves him right." There is more wit in those three words than in the whole of Mr. Taylor's accompanying text.

Underneath the tinsel there is something quite shocking about Mr. Taylor's book. It is the assumption that human life reached a climax of desirable arrangement in the era which formed Mr. Churchill. Those were the days; everything since has been a degeneration, twilight of the species. That puts us all in our place. We should have been born in 1874.

At a given point, having occasion to note that Churchill once memorized a quantity of verse by Robert Montgomery, Robert Taylor says "not to be confused with the movie actor." Reader inquires: "Why not?"

Vincent Sheean is the author of "Personal History" and "Lead Kindly Light," a study of Gandhi. His newest book, "Rage of the Soul," will appear shortly.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 467

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 467 will be found in the next issue.

ONTO QUBORAUCO

MDBEUORM, LNUODLRM.

—O. N. NGWAUF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 466
Everything unknown is taken for magnificent.
—TACITUS.

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Nijinsky with his wife shortly before his death—"fight for health."

Mad Genius & an Old Feud

THE LAST YEARS OF NIJINSKY. By Romola Nijinsky. New York: Simon & Schuster. 261 *pp.* $3.50.

By Arnold L. Haskell

THE present book is a sequel to Madame Nijinsky's life of her husband. It summarizes the earlier book in a chapter and then goes on to tell us of his fight for health and of their joint efforts to find peace and security in a war-torn world. The narrative is simple, direct, and sometimes moving. And throughout one is struck by the thought that this unfortunate man and his plucky companion were surrounded by insanity, not in the clinics where he was nursed but in the consul's offices where she so patiently waited for visas that did not materialize. Much of it, indeed, is the story of Menotti's "Consul," with the added irony that it is Nijinsky who is supposed to be insane.

If I have not so far mentioned Nijinsky as an artist, it is because it is not the central interest of the book though it is always there in the background to increase and to underline the tragedy. I saw Nijinsky at that last outing as he watched Lifar and Vyroubova at the television rehearsal at Alexandra Palace. I wish that I had not, that the legend had remained intact and that nothing had come to interfere with my boyhood memories of the figure that floated. And yet that brief sight of this poor Petrouchka has given me an admiration for the pluck and devotion of his wife that are recorded in this book. I would wish that it had not been marred by certain unworthy digs at members of Nijinsky's profession, a notoriously generous profession. I cannot for a moment credit the statement: " . . . there was quite a group of dancers who got together and worked to keep Nijinsky out of the United States and from public life." It was illness that kept Nijinsky out of public life and if, by a miracle, he had still been able to contribute anything to his art he would certainly have found a warm welcome from the dancers who are hero-worshippers by nature.

This is not the time to go into the whole Diaghilev-Nijinsky controversy, with its Balkan spy story atmosphere. If Diaghilev did in fact treat Nijinsky badly and plot against him no one has carried on the vendetta. It is absurd to suggest, as Madame Nijinsky does on more than one occasion, that if anyone fails to agree with her that her husband was less than a genius, not merely as a dancer but as a choreographer and dance philosopher, then that person is actuated by some kind of retrospective malice. It is sufficient that Nijinsky will live alongside Taglioni and Pavlova as an immortal of the dance without making him into a Dreyfus.

It is to be hoped that he will be spared the sad fate of Caruso and others and will not suffer the supreme indignity of a Hollywood film autobiography, brought up to date, perhaps, with Diaghilev as a Soviet agent.

Arnold L. Haskell, director of the Sadler's Wells School, has written numerous books on the ballet.

Child of the Heart

MY SON'S STORY. By John P. Frank. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 209 *pp.* $3.

By Ernest Cady

WHEN Petey, handsome, alert, but still surprisingly small at eight months, went into a frightening convulsion, John and Lorraine Frank feared their doctor would tell them their first-born child was epileptic. Before many weeks they were hoping, with all their hearts, that his malady *was* epilepsy, and nothing more.

For the examinations, first by local physicians at Bloomington, where John taught in the Indiana University Law School, and then by specialists in Indianapolis, all pointed to something infinitely worse. Then the top neurological specialist in the country, in Milwaukee, handed down the final decree of doom. Petey had cortical atrophy.

In layman's language this meant that the cells in a large area of his brain were dead—a hopeless, incurable, irreversible condition. The terrifying convulsions could be controlled by drugs (they must never be without them, the doctor warned) but Petey could never develop as a normal child.

He would probably never talk. He might, at two or three, sit up and even manage to stand alone. At four or five he might be walking about. But he also might be striking out and biting and otherwise becoming unruly beyond his mother's compassionate control. His life expectancy was about seven years, for children afflicted as he was usually are vulnerable to infections of all sorts. Still, with the new wonder drugs, he might live longer.

This was a stunning blow to the Franks. There was nothing in either parent's family history to account for their misfortune. One doctor told them bluntly that it was "too bad" the baby hadn't died in one of his early seizures. Another comforted them with the assurance that, statistically, it simply couldn't happen to them again. "The thing for you to do," he told them, "is to have five more children. It cannot save this one, but a few more will save the parents." All the medical advisers urged them to institutionalize Petey before they added to their family.

After the heart-searing but inevitable choice was made, a new obstacle

Ernest Cady is book review editor of the Columbus [*Ohio*] Citizen.

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appeared. For a time, it seemed that in all the United States there was no private institution for children like Petey under six years of age— at least none within the Franks' means and of suitable character. And public institutions admitted only bona-fide residents of their respective states.

Only after months of inquiries did they learn of St. Rita's at Buffalo, N. Y., a Catholic home conducted by the Felician Sisters, exclusively for afflicted children under six.

St. Rita's had a long waiting list, but Petey's admission eventually was managed with the help, direct or indirect, of three U. S. Supreme Court justices who knew John Frank as a friend, a law clerk, or a brilliant young biographer. Then another issue arose.

Should Petey's parents go to one extreme, shut him out of their lives and never see him again? Or should they go to the other and take him "home" for occasional visits? Or would the middle course be better—to leave him continuously in the institution's care, but go to see him periodically? All three procedures have their advocates—lay and medical.

John and Lorraine chose the last-named. They now go to Buffalo about four times a year and stay usually for two days. Petey is always glad to see them, but St. Rita's is his real home—the only one comprehended by his dim little mind. He still plays with his father's neckties, as he did at six months, and sometimes can awkwardly toss a ball to him. The nuns are a little apologetic because one of the half-dozen words he can say, contrary to the prognosis, is "Sister," while he has never learned to pronounce "Mommy." Petey is nearly five now. He weighs thirty-one pounds. His development is roughly that of a precocious one-year-old. He is more beautiful, physically, than ever.

This is but the barest outline of a poignant story, told with obvious sincerity and simplicity by two of its principals—for Lorraine contributes two chapters from her point of view to round out the narrative.

John Frank wrote this touchingly candid account because he learned that other Peteys are being born every day to parents who must face up to the same daunting situation; because there is a great lack of facilities to meet the problem and he feels deeply that there ought to be some way to provide more. Finally, he wrote it out of the generous wish that from the experience gained in their ordeal, he and his wife may be able, through its pages, to offer both counsel and consolation to others who must travel the same lonely, dark, and tragic road through no fault of their own.

Peace for the Young

ONE LITTLE BOY. By Dorothy W. Baruch. New York: Julian Messner. 242 pp. $3.50.

By Grace McLean Abbate

THE clinical case history of seven-year-old Kenneth, graphically and skilfully told in this work, will open to the reader the inner world of not only this child but of all children. Dr. Baruch, a clinical psychologist of many years' experience, puts the story of Kenneth so neatly together, tells it so dramatically, simply, and non-technically, that a clear understanding of the basic normal conflicts and thoughts of children can be derived from it. So much so, that even the concepts of sexual development and aggression, illustrated in the case and fundamental to dynamic psychology and psychiatry, should take on more precise meanings for the "psychologically educated" and prove not too disturbing or threatening to those for whom the theories and facts of the psychologist and psychiatrist are unknown territory.

Kenneth's story is a true one. It was selected because he was "gifted beyond most children in shaping words beautifully to light up dark places." But when his mother brought Kenneth to a psychologist for help because he was failing in school and suffering from severe asthmatic attacks, he could not easily translate into speech his thoughts and feelings. Then, all he could say was, "It doesn't matter." He was a hopeless, fear-ridden child who had virtually immobilized all effective functioning because of his fear that frightening feelings and wishes might be let loose and devastate him. School failure and illness were the outward expressions of his inner emotional disturbances.

Dorothy Baruch—"vividly enacted."

He had been a good baby—was a good boy, but timid. He never quarreled, but he had no friends. And from the time he was three he had almost nightly attacks of asthma. In his bouts of difficulty in breathing he was expressing in intense body langauge the frightening feelings and demands that he later vividly enacted and described in treatment sessions. But he was able to do this only as treatment reduced the fear of opening up the hidden violence, hatred, and anger he so tightly repressed. Failure in school was inevitable for this child. How could he cope with the realities and demands of the school world when most of his energy was being used to keep his aggression under control? Besides, asthma was, unconsciously, a way out, a solution for his conflicts. He gained a great deal through his sickness. He was a child hungry for love, and when he was struggling for breath he did get for a moment the undivided care and attention of his mother which is what he so desperately craved.

The story of his parents is woven through Kenneth's story. Both of them, consciously trying to do their best, were caught in the web of their own problems. The repercussions of the latter on their children are simply but clearly delineated. With their gradual development of insight into themselves, their own childhood conflicts no longer exerted the same distorting pressure and they were freer and more secure in their life with each other and with their children.

We follow Kenneth through his struggles in treatment. His early retreat to a baby-like relationship with the therapist; his tentative movements towards aggression in his play with her; the gradual learning, through therapy, that he could tackle things that were fearful and not be overpowered by his feelings or deserted or condemned by her. We see vividly the tie-in of his aggression and his wheezing and breathing difficulties, the use of the therapist as a vent for his anger, and the gradual emergence of the anger towards his parents and brother. His phantasies about sex appear with all the distortions and fears so common to childhood, and he learns, eventually, that the "trouble did not lie in possessing these thoughts which all children possess.

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Saturday Review

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Search for America

ONE of the signs of these troubled times is the amount of soul-searching going on in the United States both publicly and privately. Such a quest into the meaning of America at the very summit of American power is a healthy sign. It is a happy contrast to the terrible self-righteousness that has too often tainted power in the past, and from which even the United States is not entirely immune. Only a few days ago Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas warned this country not to confuse the righteousness of power with the power of righteousness in our dealings with the world's peoples. Yet one must also recall with a wry nod of agreement Harrison Smith's observation that, "It appears to be our lamentable fate to attempt to save the world from war and chaos and to be disliked for what we assumed to be our virtue."

Part of the problem of liking Americans is understanding what America is like, and what we stand for. We often confuse our friends as well as our foes. East-West tension is a pressure-cooker that tests the ideas and ideals along with the wealth and power of a society. That is as true of American democracy as Russian Communism. The phrase "American way of life" is no longer sufficient affirmation for the world to judge us by, nor for us to live by. Therefore it is encouraging to learn that a notable effort is under way to redefine America in today's terms, to re-evaluate the American historical experience.

This particular effort toward redefinition is notable both because of its participants and its sponsors. It could only have happened today. This project is called the "American Round Table." Business, labor, and education have gathered together at this "table" to explore patiently and painstakingly the meaning of America. The inquiry is sponsored by The Advertising Council and is supported financially by The Ford Foundation, John D. Rockefeller III, Henry Oliver Rea, and others. The Round Table has described its method and purpose as a "procedure to develop a restatement, in modern terms, of the ideals, beliefs, and dynamics of the American Society." One guarantee of the fruitfulness of this quest lies in the permanent members of the Round Table. They are Dr. Henry M. Wriston, president of Brown University; Henry S. Commager, professor of history, Columbia University; Clyde M. Kluckhohn, director, Russian Research Center, Harvard University; Jacob Viner, professor of economics, Princeton University; Walter H. Wheeler, Jr., president of Pitney-Bowes, Inc.; Clinton S. Golden, labor consultant; Frank Tannenbaum, professor of Latin-American history, Columbia University; Elliott V. Bell, chairman, executive committee, McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., and Lewis Galantière, historian, writer, and policy adviser to Radio Free Europe.

Over a period of months the Round Table will inquire into (1) the moral and religious bases of American society, (2) American concepts of civil and political liberties, (3) our free, competitive, dynamic economic system, and (4) the cultural aspects of American society. Its method is to meet privately about once a month in the presence of a small, especially invited audience of editors, educators, publishers, businessmen, etc., for several hours of fluid, creative discussion. Out of these discussions, which are tape-recorded, will be edited a final document for widespread use by all concerned with "presenting a positive picture of a free society to the citizen here and abroad."

In the words of Dr. Geroid Tanquary Robinson of Columbia University, "There is urgent need for philosophic reconstruction and renewal. . . . Time presses for results that can be presented to our people and to people overseas. Is it an idle dream that a group of qualified men might sit down together . . . for whatever time it takes . . . first to distil and clarify the philosophy that is now embodied piecemeal in American life, to say what America now is; and second (a far more difficult task) to consider what America might become?" That is the spirit of the search for the innermost meaning of America that the Round Table is now engaged on. May it richly succeed, for the whole world has an interest in this modern voyage to rediscover the United States in 1952.

—W. D. P.

Bookmarks

The one-hundredth anniversary of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" created scarcely a ripple—the only one we could discern was on the front cover of *Antiquarian Bookman,* where Editor Sol Malkin displayed the original publisher's advertisement. The times, perhaps, are not ripe for centennials. Or overripe.

* * *

A New York man recently stood on an eighth-floor window ledge and threw "two soft-drink bottles and several books into the street," according to press reports. We are willing to waive identification of the soft drinks, but what were the books? The press reporteth not, which is unfortunate, because it would have made quite a difference whether the missiles were a handful of the late Haldeman-Julius's Little Blue Books or a couple of odd volumes of the elephant folio of Audubon's "Birds of America."

* * *

Slang rarely follows through to the logical antonym. An honest man is on the up-and-up, but a dishonest man is not on the down-and-down.

* * *

One of the less pleasant phenomena of the times is the radio announcer's patronizing use of "of course"—as in "George Washington, of course, was our first President."

—J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Communism and Subversion

SIR: I consider Leo Lania's review of my book "Shanghai Conspiracy" [*SR* March 15] in the same category as Irene Kuhn's analysis of the surreptitious efforts of leftists to minimize the exposure of Communism and subversion.

The Richard Sorge case is being continued in both Senate and House Committees. I expect also to cover certain lecture engagements, in which I will go into this review, as a particularly offensive attempt to continue the fiction that Agnes Smedley was not a Soviet agent, in spite of her ashes being placed in a special shrine, in the heart-land of Asiatic Communism.

Your reviewer apparently has not read this book? He fails to even mention that Gerhardt Eisler, Browder, and Dennis are heavily implicated, which should be of interest to patriotic citizens.

The complete files of the Shanghai international police are being thoroughly covered, in Congress and the facts of the case will emerge, in spite of *The Saturday Review*, in tolerating this kind of deliberate misleading of the reading public, that relies on the impartiality of your publication.

[MAJ. GEN.] C. A. WILLOUGHBY.

Madrid, Spain.

Hoover's Memoirs

SIR: In my opinion, Professor Harrington's review of Mr. Herbert Hoover's "Memoirs," Volume II [*SR* Apr. 26] is wholly inadequate, most unfair, and, quite evidently, based upon prejudice rather than upon an objective reading of the book.

The book tells, in very modest terms, facts that will be notable in American history. Just to mention a few of these notable items of his tremendously expansive and important work, such as the beginning of commercial aviation, his marvelous work in child health, the development of radio and of the merchant marine, developments in agriculture, housing, public works, handling of the tariff question, notable work that meant great economies and increased efficiency in business and industry—all these should place Herbert Hoover in the highest ranks of American leaders. These are briefly and very modestly described in the book.

Your reviewer is unfair in saying that Mr. Hoover was too sensitive to criticism. He states facts about critics because it is important also to know who criticizes certain policies, as well as to know who proposes them.

E. M. CONOVER.

New York, N. Y.

"Enough of Toughmindedness!"

SIR: Permit me to express my appreciation of Peter Viereck's admirable article "Enough of Toughmindedness!" [*SR* Apr. 26]. It could hardly have been bettered. An idealist, fundamentally, is simply a sensible person who knows what he wants and tries to get it. He desires to live in a humane, free, joyous, and reasonable world and directs his activity to that end. By comparison, the man who seeks power for its own sake, like the miser who seeks wealth for its own sake, is a mere fool, confusing means with ends. Money is no good except to spend for what will give happiness. Similarly power is no good, except as a means to make the world more like what we wish it to be. A practical politician should mean one who wants certain policies enacted into law. Instead, the word is commonly misused for a politician so very impractical that he wants only to get into office without any notion of what to do when there. It is high time that these obvious truths were understood, and it is a great gain to have Mr. Viereck point them out so persuasively.

PRESTON SLASSON.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SIR: Peter Viereck's eloquently philippic seems to me to be based on a wrong diagnosis of the disease that afflicts all tyrants. There is really nothing wrong with toughmindedness outside of a stubborn resistance to the truth as embodied in newer knowledge. I would go further and say that toughmindedness can be an admirable quality greatly needed in our world. There are too many wishy-washy people whose minds, if they have any, lack toughness and therefore are easily infected and enslaved by those who have more "toughmindedness."

True, Hitler and Mussolini had tough minds and so have Stalin, Franco, and other petty tyrants who follow in their terroristic footsteps. But to blame their depredations upon toughmindedness is to mistake the effect for the cause. In the tyrant, toughmindedness is the result of his lust for power, of his greed, of his fears and his frustrations. But in the scientist and in the research worker toughmindedness leads to discovery and brings benefits to humanity.

What we need, then, is more toughmindedness in the right people.

J. M. MARTINEZ.

Miami, Fla.

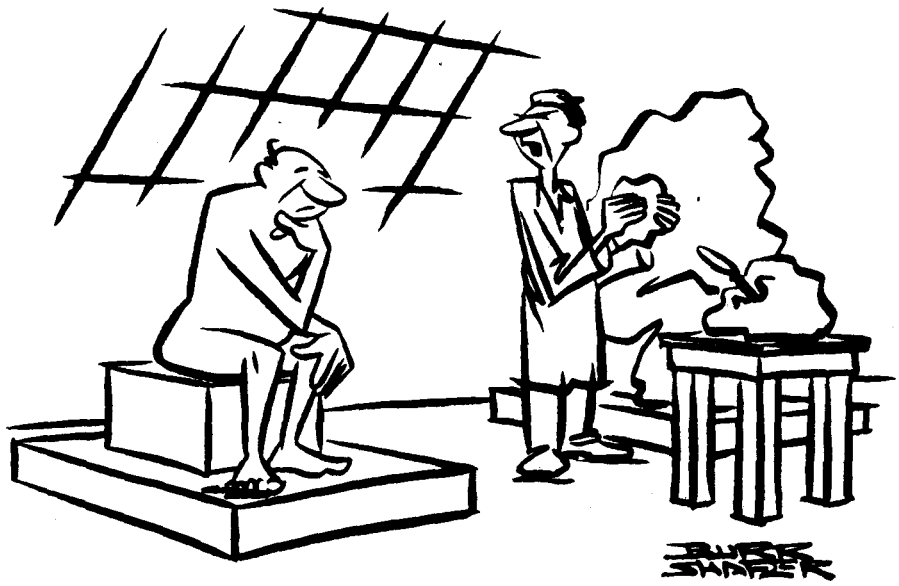
SIR: It's a surprise and pleasure to hear, above the maelstrom of the hard and brittle, a clear voice for the only values in all of living, the values of, for, and by the individual. Such a voice is Professor Viereck.

Communo-fascism or God-bless-our-half-of-the-land nationalism, or for that matter, any expedient and worthless variation or compromise of the two, can never transcend the values of give-and-take humaneness, understanding, and a sincere and intelligent awareness of the aspirations for hope —*for* hope, even in the despairing individuals trapped in the voiceless prison camps in our half-totalitarian world today.

Whether it be Communism, Fascism, or nationalism of the "home-spun" variety, each stands for its own degree of special villainy. They hold within themselves their own eventual decline and destruction. But the values that count, the "old-fashioned" values of inherent fairness all people have at least heard of and want to believe in in *all* lands, those values are always good. They do not change. And though there are many exponents of the "toughminded" school in our land, —*still* the good values are deeply imbedded here, caked in the blood of those who believed in them in the past, and in the hearts of those presently to shed still newer blood for those same old-fashioned values. They have not been, and will not be, overthrown.

ATLANTIS HALLMAN.

Huntington Park, Calif.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"That's all for today, stupid."

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Seeing Things

FOR ADULT LISTENING

WHAT books are read by the moguls of the airwaves and their sponsors, I do not know. There is a book, however, which I wish everybody concerned with radio in this country would read. It is Alistair Cooke's "One Man's America."*

I cannot imagine a person who would not enjoy its lively, informative, and perceptive pages. For those in control of our radio programs it is bound to have a special interest. Their pleasure in Mr. Cooke's volume is certain to be mixed with surprise, if not downright disbelief. For "One Man's America" is a collection of broadcasts such as we Americans, who turn our dials hopefully, are almost never permitted to hear.

The unorthodoxies, more accurately the audacities, of Mr. Cooke's scripts are as constant as their delights. The tone, phrasing, subject matter, and form are all based on the assumption that, just because people have tuned on their radios, they have not tuned off their minds. Needless to say, this is a concept so foreign to most American practice as to verge on the revolutionary.

The reason Mr. Cooke has been free to do this is that his broadcasts, though concerned with America and recorded here, were not read over any of our networks. They were commissioned by the BBC and meant for British consumption. Since March, 1946, Mr. Cooke, an Englishman who has become an American citizen, has been delivering these brilliant weekly reports on the American scene under the title of "Letters from America."

Four things are made unmistakably clear by the broadcasts included in the present voluume: 1.) that Mr. Cooke is a shrewd and original observer; 2.) that he is a gifted writer; 3.) that he has mastered the art of producing scripts which are as engaging to read as they must have been to hear; and 4.) that the British Broadcasting Corporation holds the average Briton in far higher esteem than any of our companies holds the average American.

Certainly Mr. Cooke's uncommon endowments as an observer and an author do not come as news to anyone who has read his sparkling account of the Hiss case, "A Generation on Trial," or followed his incisive dispatches as American correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian*. His is an excellent mind, agile and probing. He is a clear and independent thinker. He has an enviable talent for getting at the core of complicated issues and stating them simply. He is witty, too; witty without being cruel. Seeing things clearly, he has the ability to make us see them no less clearly because of the vivid imagery of his phrasing.

Writing for the radio and producing copy as acceptable to the reader as to the listener presents another and very different problem. The cleavages between the oral and the visual style come close to being final. Few authors, including Alexander Woollcott, have been willing to subject to print the scripts they prepared especially for the mike. Rightly they have realized that eyes and ears do not feed on the same diet.

Max Beerbohm, a supreme stylist, pointed out this dissimilarity six years ago when he permitted those enchanting, nostalgic talks of his (also designed for BBC listeners and not American audiences) to find their way into a volume called "Mainly on the Air." Beerbohm warned that his six published broadcasts "were composed for the ears of listeners; and though of course a writer should always write not less for the ear than for the eye of the reader, he does not, in writing for the ear only, express himself in just the way that would be his if he were writing for the eye as well. He trusts the inflections of his voice to carry the finer shades of his meaning and of his feeling."

Mr. Cooke is equally aware of the challenge with which the printed page confronts the broadcaster. He candidly admits he has made his literary revisions and selected only those scripts best adapted to surviving "the translation into black and white." But Mr. Cooke does not have to urge his readers, as Beerbohm did, either to ask some friend to read his broadcasts aloud or to read them aloud to themselves. Mr. Cooke's is such an engaging conversational style that it does not need the support of anyone's voice.

Alistair Cooke—"shrewd and original."

Like Beerbohm before him and Harold Nicolson twenty or more years ago, Mr. Cooke has faced that hardest of all radio assignments—the spoken essay. The published essay has nearly gone out of flower in this country; the spoken one is practically unknown.

AMERICAN radio has long had excellent interpreters of the news, men as gifted as Elmer Davis, Edward R. Murrow, William L. Shirer, and Charles Collingwood. We have our forum discussions as contributive and provocative as "Town Meeting of the Air." We have had our quizzes as literate, amusing, and sophisticated as "Information, Please." We have had serious reviews of contemporary fiction and non-fiction, such as "Of Men and Books," or literary panels as heated as "The Author Meets the Critics." We have had "cultural programs" devoted to the classics and pitched as high as "Invitation to Learning." But we have never had on a national hook-up, at least to my knowledge, radio programs which, like Mr. Cooke's, are spoken essays. Even the irreplaceable Woollcott, a superb performer if ever there was one, approached the microphone as a master storyteller rather than an essayist.

This brings me inevitably to Mr. Cooke's qualifications as a writer of radio essays. It also compels me to run head-on into some consideration of the differences (alleged and real) between broadcasting in Britain and America and the publics in both countries.

Let me quickly point out that Mr. Cooke does not function as a dry-as-dust intellectual. People, places, the

*ONE MAN'S AMERICA. By Alistair Cooke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 268 pp. $3.50.

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smell of cities, the look of the countryside, local customs, indeed the small-large details of daily life are his concern, and not the ponderous abstractions of politics, literature, or art. He is a roving reporter, free to choose his subjects and blessed with the ability to lift his copy beyond journalism into essays. His task, as he sees it, is to explain in the simplest terms "the passions, the manners, and the flavor" of America's way of life to a large and very mixed British audience, ranging "from shrewd bishops to honest carpenters."

Mr. Cooke's having been born and raised in England is in his favor as an observer of our ways. Certainly it does not mean that he is anxious to ridicule us. Instead, it makes him conscious of details we do not bother to note and of practices we take for granted. Though not blind to our foibles and peculiarities, he has genuine fondness for America. But he is so recently one of us that he is still able to judge us in comparative terms.

As one who travels up and down the United States constantly, I thought I knew this country. Mr. Cooke persuades me my knowledge of it is infinitesimal. He is one of the most enlightening and diverting of guides. His curiosity is omnivorous. Everything interests him. His first Indian, Joe Louis, Florida in winter, Margaret Truman, the Arizona desert, Will Rogers, Washington, D. C., Robert E. Lee at Appomattox, New York City, a tattoo artist in San Diego, and what intending immigrants should know are among the many subjects which capture his attention and mobilize his gifts. He approaches all of them with the same zest and writes about them with the same freshness. His prose is so filled with pictures that television could scarcely hope to be more visual.

Mr. Cooke would not be able to do what he does as he does it if he did not respect, first of all, the radio as a writing medium and, then, his listening public. He knows the dangers he runs of losing his hearers' attention. By his own confession, he works hard not only to hold it but to deserve it. As he sees it, the radio essay amounts to writing "literature for blind men. Thoughtfulness must be entertaining. Any meandering must be artful. Casualness must be calculated; if it is the real thing, it is dreadful. Each sentence must distribute the elements of suspense. Ideally, everything that is said must flatter, excite, or tease the ear."

Mr. Cooke does not compare British and American radio listeners. He contents himself with pointing out that in England people "do not regard the radio as a species of wallpaper against

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Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
Eye-filling, ear-thrilling . . . a delightfully different story set to Jerome Kern's memorable melodies.
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RED SKELTON
HOWARD KEEL
MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION
ANN MILLER
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An MGM Picture
ON THE GREAT STAGE "Cosmopolitan"
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All the emotion and excitement the screen can command!
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Adventure Masterpiece
OUTCAST of the Islands
by Joseph Conrad
starring
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ROBERT MORLEY · WENDY HILLER
GEORGE COULOURIS and introducing KERIMA
Produced and Directed by CAROL REED
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Saturday Review's

PORTFOLIO OF OUTSTANDING INSTITUTIONAL ADVERTISEMENTS

In the March 8th issue of SATURDAY REVIEW there appeared a 20 page portfolio entitled "THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA"—a collection of distinguished examples of institutional or public service advertisements.

Immediately after publication of this portfolio we received a flood of enthusiastic comment from the press, business executives, government officials, educators and civic leaders in all parts of the country. Because of this response and because we believe this portfolio contributes to a greater public understanding of our way of life, we are making copies of "THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA" available without charge as a service to our readers.

Schools, colleges, libraries, business houses, advertising and economics classes, clubs, forums and other organizations which can use this portfolio as source material may secure as many copies as they wish—ABSOLUTELY FREE—simply by writing to:

The Saturday Review Dept. P
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Please specify the quantity desired

which they can eat, drink, read, talk, or play bridge." They sit down quietly and their attitude, however expectant, is critical.

"One Man's America" proves on its every page that Mr. Cooke has given his best to his English hearers. His best is some of the best that radio has known anywhere. The pity is that Mr. Cooke is not heard in this country and that we are denied programs comparable to his in their high distinction and adult charm. Americans are brighter than those responsible for our radio and television seem to think. They are tired of being talked down to and are rightly insulted by being treated most of the time as if they were morons.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Broadway Postscript

CITY Center's festival of comedy is becoming a serious matter. For the second time in two weeks this benevolent organization has aroused suspicions of revivability in comedy that had seemed part and parcel of a dead era. "Tovarich," Robert Sherwood's adaptation of Jacques Deval's farce, is resolved by what in 1936 was a delightful absurdity, namely the placing of nationalist loyalty above the hated Socialistic form of government in their country by two White Russian exiles. While today this has a grim touch of irony to it, the fun of the play lies in a more universal situation, that of two servants attending masters less aristocratic than themselves, and this proves immune to changing politics.

It even proves relatively immune to Uta Hagen, Herbert Berghof, and Luther Adler, whose soul-searching performances sometimes move, but seldom entertain in quite the same lighthearted manner as do Harry Horner's gaily insubstantial sets. In fact, Paula Laurence as the nouveau-riche mistress of the house and Edna Preston as the cook who sees through the nonsense of society have more comic style than the stars whose slavish approach to their art seems to prevent them from soaring into the artificial atmosphere of continental farce.

But this is quibbling, for in a season as lonely as this one, "Tovarich" is a welcome comrade at almost any altitude.

THE worthiness of a theatrical project which allows gifted young unknowns to demonstrate their talents calls for a relaxing of the critical faculties. It does not matter that "New Faces of 1952" has an undistinguished if pleasant score, and that many of its numbers lack the punch one expects in a top-drawer revue. Go to it not as a revue but more as a kind of talent audition and there is a great deal to be saluted and enjoyed. The tart character-comedy of Alice Ghostley, whose grotesque portrait of a sheltered "pill" having a wild night of love and cheap muscatel in Boston is a masterpiece; the energetic imitation of the super-lachrymal Johnny Ray by French half-pint Robert Clary; and the ludicrously cheerful travel lecture on a disastrous African safari by toothsome Paul Lynde, are high spots that would grace any revue. Also praiseworthy is the all-round work of Ronny Graham, who in addition to writing most of the show also shines in take-offs on Truman Capote, "Death of a Salesman," and the "mother, mother" recitative of Gian-Carlo Menotti; and the distinctive singing of June Carroll, Rosemary O'Reilly, and Eartha Kitt.

The stylish and ingeniously simple scenery designed for "New Faces" by Raoul Pène du Bois (cousin of the well-known childrens' book illustrator) adds immeasurably to the gaiety of the proceedings, and it is the infectiousness of this gaiety that will in the long run (and a long run it seems destined to have) determine the amount of pleasure these new faces will invoke on a Broadway that is showing its middle age.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR Goes to the Movies

DELIGHT IN SEVEN MINUTES

THE best way to identify United Productions of America is to say: "They're the people who made 'Gerald McBoing Boing'." And the best way to identify the quality of their product is to say that every time you see one of their animated cartoons you are likely to recapture the sensation you had when you first saw "Steamboat Willie," the early "Silly Symphonies," "The Band Concert"—the feeling that something new and wonderful has happened, something almost too good to be true.

Twelve times a year UPA releases, through Columbia, one of these seven-minute masterpieces; current or soon to be seen are "Rooty Toot Toot" (based on Frankie and Johnny), "Willie the Kid" (which is a travesty of the Wild West legend), and several episodes in the career of Mister Magoo, who plunges with supreme confidence into all sorts of adventures although he is so near-sighted that he doesn't know himself in a mirror. Also on view is the film "Man Alive," a serio-comic film about cancer released by the American Cancer Society. And recently the Roxy Theatre paid UPA the significant compliment of showing "Man on the Land," a documentary prepared for the oil industry, for its sheer entertainment value.

In a sense, the UPA product is not so much new as it is a return to the first principles of the animated cartoon, those fundamentals which Disney understood and exploited more fully than anyone before him, and which he has abandoned. They are so simple that the name of the medium, animated cartoon, comprehends all the essentials, since a cartoon is a drawing that deliberately distorts certain salient features of the subject and animation is an exaggeration of normal movement or expression. As Disney has come closer and closer to photographic realism, he has subtly violated the character of the cartoon (which is a drawing on a flat surface) by giving it depth and, in a brilliant combination of art-work and machinery, has substituted movement—remarkably lifelike—for animation.

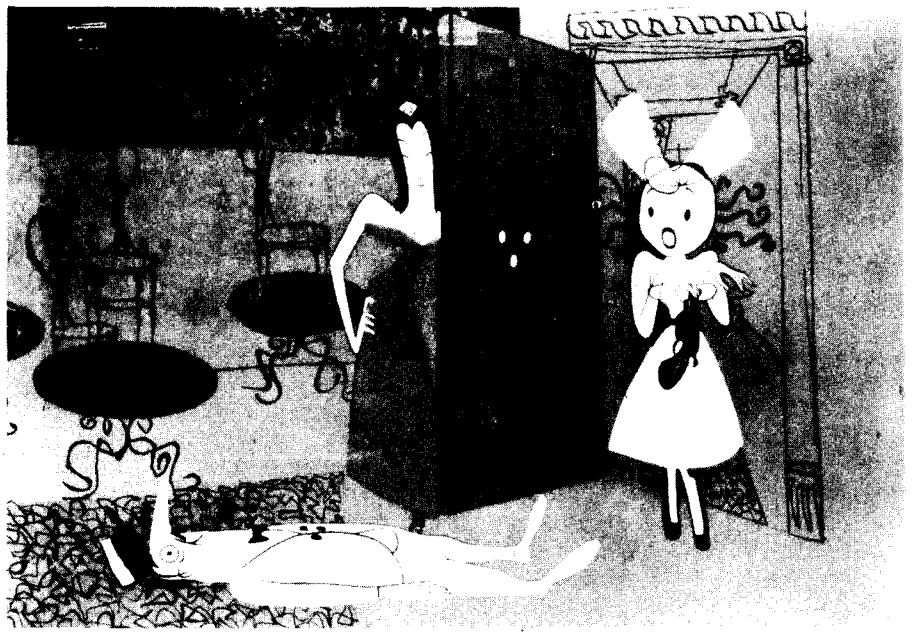
The UPA cartoons are flat; whatever sense of depth you get comes from perspective, lines drawing your eyes to a small door in the background, and by color—as the door opens you get a flash of blue in contrast to the sepia or gray of the surrounding walls. And because they use one drawing for every two or three frames of the film, instead of Disney's one for each frame, the figures move less smoothly, they have a galvanic animation.

The delight which these pictures gives is, however, not merely pleasure taken in any return to the primitive. The positive virtues of UPA are their impudent and intelligent approach to subject matter and a gay palette, a cascading of light colors, the use of color and line always to suggest, never to render completely, a great deal of warmth, and an unfailing wit. Some of the cartoons recall stock episodes —tubas grunt and Mr. Magoo steps off a girder into thin air—but the best of them are as fresh in concept as in execution.

In "Willie the Kid," for instance, the brigand on a tricycle is commiting a hold-up or a rescue in the West and a split-second later is in his own backyard dealing with his mother and a moment later is out West again. In "The Oompahs" the conventional musical instruments of animated cartoons appear—and suddenly they are engaged in a baseball game which is all spots and shapes of color dancing against the geometry of the diamond, giving you some of the enchantment of Len Lye's color experiments on film. In "Family Circus" a lesson in child psychology is taught, sympathetically and humorously, through a dream sequence in a circus.

So far UPA has released nothing longer than seven minutes for theatrical use; the company will be represented by animations which are part of the Stanley Kramer production of "The Fourposter," and a plan for a feature picture, using Thurber's "Men, Women, and Dogs," has been long considered. Past experience indicates that feature-length animations are the first step toward the decline of the imagination, but the exuberance and copiousness of the UPA talents will, I believe, protect them. To be gay and intelligent and inventive all at once is a rare phenomenon. I, for one, hope UPA goes on for ever.

—GILBERT SELDES.



"Rooty Toot Toot"—"return to first principles."

SR Recommends

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a highly scenic apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

The Sniper: An intelligently executed melodrama about a compulsive killer. (*SR* May 10.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

5 *Fingers*: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual cliches of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

African Fury: A rather bizarre retitling for U.S. distribution of "Cry, the Beloved Country," with screen script by Alan Paton and starring the late Canada Lee. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

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TV and Radio

TOURS OF THE WHITE HOUSE AND THE BBC

TELEVISION is in its golden age of "firsts." This is a heyday year, of course: a king's passing, an atomic blast, a Presidential abdication, a "live" Kentucky Derby—all have been gilt-edged TV firstlings. Two more were added to the record recently—the television tour of the rebuilt White House, personally conducted by President Truman, and a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the British Broadcasting Corporation's telecast by the "Johns Hopkins Science Review" program in a special series produced in England at the BBC's invitation (the first such invitation, by the way, extended to any American television program by a foreign country).

Harry S. Truman, at home, was a pooled effort of the TV divisions of the ABC, CBS, and NBC networks. It was a telecast first, Saturday afternoon, May 3, and repeated variously on film the following week, a kinescope of the event winding up finally, with due CBS-TV ceremony, in the archives of the Library of Congress. I took one of the tours of the executive mansion with the President and his three associate guides from the officiating networks—Walter Cronkite, Bryson Rash, and Frank Bourgholtzer. Mr. Truman was an amiable host; he seemed liberally and spontaneously informed about White House history, and he played the pianos—two of them. I learned, among other items, that the eagle of the official seal of the United States now faces peacefully toward the olive branch rather than, as formerly, belligerently toward the arrows, thanks to Mr. Truman; that Dolly Madison did not cut the picture of George Washington out of its frame when the British were coming in 1814, as legend has it (she had it carted away, frame and all—which seems logical); and that there was no library in the White House until 1929, a year that touches footnote to history with casual irony.

I am undoubtedly richer for these facts; and I think it was a good thing that the completion of the renovation of the nation's first house, a political year, and television's expanding reach combined to privilege me and great numbers of my fellow citizens with so rare a glimpse of an historic American shrine. My only regret is that television, which grows more peripatetic, I am glad to say, seems unable to organize its embrace of the actual world around some vital ideas, to breathe, in short, a little life of art into facts. What a rare cast! What an epic setting! And what a pity to experience no measure of the deep emotions inherent in the national drama!

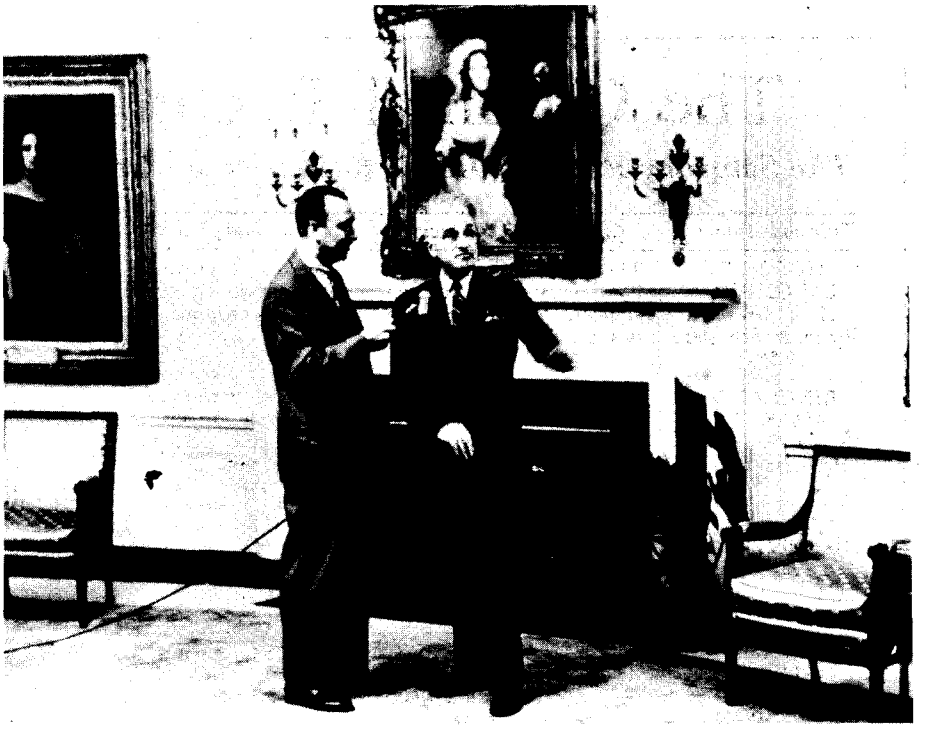
As in Washington so in London. Mr. Lynn Poole, producer of the "Johns Hopkins Science Review" (Monday evening on the Dumont Television Network), was deservedly honored by the BBC invitation to originate the first American TV production in England. For several years he has pioneered in effectively harnessing a commercial network and an educational institution in the production of informative programs. In choosing BBC television as his first overseas subject he chose " a natural," as they say in the trade. With the BBC operating as a non-commercial state monopoly, and about to take a fling at a new, limited-sponsorship system, interest in its values, techniques, and audience satisfactions is high, in the light of the accompanying fact that American television, historically commerical, is about to have its own fling at the exclusively "educational" variety.

What then did we see? Mr. Poole being met at the airport, shots of the studios and control rooms, diagrams of the BBC relay systems, transmitting towers, some technical museum pieces, and two English lady announcers. The ladies had dignity and charm, an indigenous English combination rarely exportable; and the vague, fitful images caught by a pioneer English thirty-line television receiver had high photographic interest. But, for me, the totality was a disappointment. True, the Johns Hopkins review is a science program. Mr. Poole's interest runs properly in technical channels not in comparative cultures. Also it is quite a challenge, a stranger in a foreign field, to put together a program in a hurry, as the producer obviously had to do. Mr. Poole gave us a quick, commendable once-over of the BBC-TV exterior, but no more.

Similarly, it is understood that the three networks which shared the White House tour could not "produce" Mr. Truman's program. It was strictly the President's show, and protocol, mechanics, and politics all combined to keep the affair proper, polite, and superficial.

It is in the nature of television, particularly "special event" television, to be rough, ready, and thin—so it is claimed for this medium which deals with the world on a transient run. Correct and sad; for this is the Achilles heel which makes the television cosmos largely trivial. And even if television is too lusty and busy and confident to care, it ought to be reminded from time to time that it might, if it took pains, be grand.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



The President and Walter Cronkite—"What a rare cast!"

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BELLES-LETTRES

(Continued from page 16)

tire authenticity which is this biography's great virtue. Certainly one looks forward with particular anticipation to the completion of the enterprise out of which the Hansons' book grew, an edition of Jane Welsh Carlyle's collected letters.

Belles-Lettres Notes

THE CRITICAL PERIOD IN AMERICAN LITERATURE: 1890-1900. *By Grant C. Knight. University of North Carolina Press.* $3.50. A vigorous socio-historical approach to the complex literary battle of the realists (Bierce, Garland, Crane, Norris) versus some now-forgotten romanticists (Johnston, Major, Ford) during the 1890-1900 period. Although the untenable thesis proposed by the title tends to have a strangulating effect, the body of material survives intellectually energetic.

JOSEPH CONRAD. By Oliver Warner. Longmans, Green. $1.85. A new, appreciative study of Conrad's life and writings, with brief plot summaries of many of the stories and novels. Copious quotations from Conrad's writings help to make this volume a good, basic survey.

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Heinrich Straumann. Longmans, Green. $2.25. From the vantage point of Zürich University, the author categorizes American literary events from William James to Arthur Miller and provides a sensible, objective introduction to the relation of life and letters in America. There is noticeable enthusiasm in this handbook and a telescoping of content and thought of American media of expression without sacrifice of accuracy or reader's interest.

THE SWEDISH THEATRE OF CHICAGO—1868-1950. *By Henriette C. K. Naeaseth. Augustana Historical Society and Augustana College Library.* $3. This detailed volume belongs on the shelf of studies devoted to foreign language theatres in the United States. Analyses of repertories, records of play performances, reviews from Swedish newspapers, anecdotes, discussions of production and casting problems, audience tastes, and actors' backgrounds—all contribute to an understanding of the Swedish stage as a social institution in Chicago.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE: From the Earliest Time to Our Day. By Elias Bredsdorff, Brita Mortensen, and Ronald Popperwell. Cambridge University Press. $4.75. In encompassing so large a territory as the whole of Old Norse, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian literature, the respective authors have space to present only an array of primary figures and general literary trends. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THEY DIED LAUGHING *Alan Green* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	TV comic gets lead in head; New Hampshire hotel owner resents murder on premises, solves it.	Somewhat over-whimsied and wordy; Q&A routine substituted for action.	Wisecracky
RING AND WALK IN *Miriam Borgenicht* (Harpers: $2.50)	Divorced hubby deplores sinister conduct of ex's new mate; two youngsters in jeopardy, he plays detective.	Sensitive, well-organized job; hero inept at times, heroine *ex machina;* treatment on whole fluent, intelligent.	Nice specialty
THE OTHER ONE *Catherine Turney* (Holt: $2.50)	Cal. newlyweds jolted when bride gets fantods; no wonder: deceased wife moves in.	Metempsychosis theme not productive of spine chills.	No Dracula
ONE WAY STREET *Nick Marino* (Holt: $2.50)	Mike Macauley of DA's staff (Midwest town) battles local corruption setup; gets knocked about a bit.	Gangsters, night-spot operators, society gals, etc.; twist end fails to save story.	Naive

—SERGEANT CUFF.

Designing men who take attractive young ladies to hunting lodges should never leave sharp knives around.

Vanish in an Instant

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MARGARET MILLAR

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—Royal Gazette.

Medical Milestones

By HENRY J. L. MARRIOTT, M.D.
Foreword by Sir Alexander Fleming

A fascinating and dramatic account, written for the layman, of the major medical advances in recent years: what the wonder drugs (penicillin, aureomycin and the antihistamines; streptomycin and neomycin, the foes of tuberculosis) are doing to alleviate human ills, their miraculous curative powers and the dangers that lurk in their indiscriminate use; the discoveries in heart surgery which are turning blue babies to pink; the Rh story, etc.

"*. . .thoughtful, well-written and highly deserving of the many readers it will doubtless attract.*"—Gardens, Houses and People.

"*A book we wish we had published.*"—International Summaries. $3.50

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 18*)

tute when the lairds took over their crofts for large sheep farms in 1813. Like later displaced persons, they sought to renew their fortunes by sailing to America, planning to take up land offered them in Canadian Manitoba by Lord Selkirk, acting for the Hudson Bay Company. Once there, the hardy survivors of plague on shipboard and a two-hundred-mile march through frozen forests had to face not only the natural hazards of uncleared land and a hard climate, but also the attacks instigated by the men of the great rival fur company, who resorted unhesitatingly to armed warfare, robbing, burning, and forcible deportation in order to protect their own commercial interests. The greater part of the book is given up to the story of the struggle to hold the little settlement at the forks of the Red River: stockade fighting, half-breeds quick with the knife, repeated treachery, violence, and the almost incredible perseverance of the strange brigade.

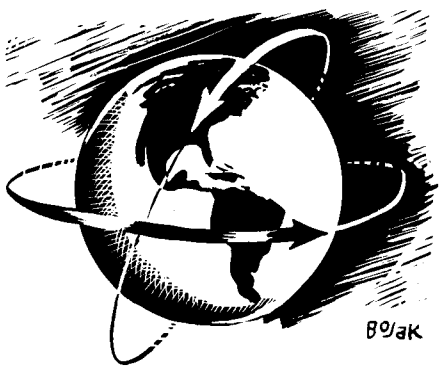
An author, by his own choice, deliberately limits himself when he decides to tell his story in the first person, as it is told in this case, through the eyes of young Malcolm MacAllister, school teacher and Lord Selkirk's agent. Mr. Jennings is, however, such a skillful technician that he keeps within his limits and never lets himself step outside Malcolm. He has perfected his style to the point where it is such a facile narrative instrument that he may almost be said to have no style. And this can be both a good and a bad thing. His use of historical materials is excellent, for he includes enough detail to give a colorful and accurate picture of the life of the period, both in the dour villages of Sutherlandshire and the wild rice swamps and lush green prairies of Upper Canada, without ever adding that one extra detail that makes the reader yawn, that should have been left in the reference book.

There is no poetry of expression here, no symbolism, no memorable line, no sexual drama and tension, and very little characterization. Malcolm, Jean, the minister's daughter, and Andy Ross the woodsman, adept where his rival is only well-meaning, obligingly carry out the conventional triangular pattern to a rather unsatisfying completion. But there is such a strong forward sweep of narrative that the flaws are forgotten till one looks at the book in retrospect. A man's story rather than a woman's, its very simplicity and lack of purple passages, the naturalness of its conversations, and the adroitness with which Mr. Jennings sets his own literary goal and achieves it, are virtues which will appeal to the many.

—SHIRLEY BARKER.

WHICH GRAIN WILL GROW. By H. H. Lynde. Crown. $3.50. Time is the protagonist in this solid, distinguished, and most satisfying third novel by H. H. Lynde. The changes it brings to a large and full bodied cast of characters—middle-class Americans in a Midwestern town—during the passage of a quarter of a century provide the unifying theme in the finest if now somewhat neglected tradition of Anglo-American story-telling.

We meet our principal characters



in the 1920's. Most of them are young. Chris Barlow just drifted into Columbia City; rootless, he sent down roots, found his way into the center of its social and business life. Lovely Phillipa Hollister and her best friend, Ann Saxon, were at the real center of the social life of its young, unmarried set. On its fringes was Ralph Robbins with a snobbishly ambitious mother and a desire to write plays. Well outside it were Pete Malleck whose family just clung to the edges of financial security, and Elaine, the town "vamp," cashier in the movie house but with her roving eye on better things. Then there was Fred Jennings who already knew that all he wanted was to write a scholarly historical work; Amy Pritchard, the town librarian, tied to a bullying father; and Pete Malleck's doomed sister. These nine are the principal ones whose lives we are to follow. But there are literally dozens of others into the intertwining pattern of whose lives we are afforded rewarding glimpses.

We pick them up some eight years later when the pattern is beginning to emerge. Most of them are of the younger married set now but time has twisted the lives of each of them subtly from the paths they had planned and which seemed ordained for them. Their matings, successes, and failures are different from those we had expected but, with hindsight now, we can see their development as the inevitable outgrowth of the interplay of time and chance upon their characters. We see them finally, some seventeen years still later, the youngest of them now in settled middle-aged, entrapped or released, fulfilled or frustrated by the changes time has brought.

It is difficult to convey the precise quality of the book's substantial virtues. Not the least of these is the ease with which the author has us follow with mounting interest the complicated patterns and interrelationships of her story. No one character emerges as hero or villain unless it be time itself which is both. Then too there is the manner of the telling. To me, it suggested, almost incongrously, Arnold Bennett, Theodore Dreiser, and F. Scott Fitzgerald, though Miss Lynde is like none of these. There is, however, the workmanlike story-telling structure of Bennett, the apprehension of a social setting that was Dreiser's, though without his indignation, and the felicity of style and ability to find the precise evocative detail to bring forth a period and a mood that Fitzgerald had at his best.

Miss Lynde's work should in time take its quiet place in the established body of sound American fiction. I trust her voice will be heard among the more strident and sensational clamorings which today sound in the literary market place.

—MARTIN RICE.

THIS DEAR ENCOUNTER. By Catherine Hutter. Holt. $3. Miss Hutter's triangle in this her second novel consists of Thail Cummings, distinguished actress, Philip Tanner, small-town doctor, and Angela, Philip's childish wife. Thail's trouble had been that until she had met Philip she had been frigidly frightened of men; afterward she could not live without him. Philip's trouble was that he was compulsively responsive to demands upon him. So what could he do with his love for Thail, when there was the problem of Angela, so helplessly dependent upon him?

Miss Hutter takes this rather worn situation and handles it with a distinction rare in the treatment of such slick-paper materials. Part of this is because of her sure hand with her backgrounds. Her theatre world in particular is completely believable though a little more elegantly cultured than many a Broadwayite would recognize. In addition she has a nice insight into the motives of her characters which momentarily invests their problems with greater significance than they actually have.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 21)

It lay in his having locked them in along with fear and shame as such fell companions that it necessitated far too much energy keeping the barricades guarded and shut."

These discussions of fear, aggression, and sexual drives and wishes in the story of Kenneth's treatment will be of inestimable value to parents. This is particularly so in the sphere of understanding childrens' phantasies and fears about sex and in the awareness that the facts given by parents are of only secondary importance. That which the child sees, hears, and feels in his home and in his parents' reactions are much more significant to him.

This story should be of help to all parents, but particularly to those whose children are in trouble with themselves or with the world. It should answer many questions about psychotherapy and take away the mystery and resultant fear about treatment for children, for "getting help from a clinic or therapist is a friendly process, not a terrifying ordeal."

Personal History Note

FORTY ODD. By Mary Bard. Lippincott. $3.50. In an era when a woman is almost afraid to admit that she is still married to her first husband, and that her children still sit down to three meals a day in the family dining room, it is a relief to find a new book that glorifies such homely things as grandfather, and Christmas cookies, and Brownie Scouts. The lovable people Mary Bard writes about could very well be the family across the street, for here is America as most of us know it.

"Forty Odd" will keep you chuckling steadily. Even those moments which must have seemed near tragic in reality become riotously funny in retrospect as Mary Bard gleefully pokes fun at herself and the legion of women who are forty-odd. Her book will be best appreciated by women who are fortyish, but even for those who are not, it gives an insight into what goes on in the minds of those who are.

From the moment Mary wakes up on her fortieth birthday, feeling as Marie Antoinette "must have felt when she realized this was the day she was to be guillotined," she is fair game for the Neglected Ones—a group of doctors' wives—and Candy Lawrence, the predatory blonde who covets her husband. Even her husband, her mother, her father-in-law, and her three daughters offer advice and encourage her to develop new interests—although she meets resistance when she attempts to change the family Christmas customs.

In a frantic effort to stall the relentless wheels of time, Mary attempts to

follow the advice of all of them. She finds herself upon a dizzying merry-go-round, and not knowing how to climb off, only succeeds in changing horses. She shifts from Finnish baths to skiing trips, from rearranging the kitchen to music lessons, from culinary experiments to new clothes, from Great Books to Brownie Scouts. Eventually the sobering experience of a friend who is hospitalized brings the merry-go-round to an abrupt halt. Mary's husband rescues her, and as her forty-first birthday dawns she has her feet firmly planted on the ground.

For Mary Bard's bubbling humor, and for her genuine simplicity, the women who are 4-F—"fat, forty, foolish, forlorn"—all will say "Happy Birthday, Mary, and many, many more of them!"

—BARBARA SARGENT TURPIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Christina Rossetti: Song. 2. Oliver Wendell Holmes: My Aunt. 3. Browning: Sordello. 4. Wilde: Ballad of Reading Gaol. 5. Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra. 6. Coleridge: Ancient Mariner. 7. Wordsworth: Intimations of Immortality. 8. Fitzgerald: Rubaiyat. 9. Milton: Paradise Lost. 10. Scott: Rokesby. 11. Burns: A Red, Red Rose. 12. Shakespeare: Romeo and Juliet. 13. Keats: Eve of St. Agnes. 14. Arnold: Requiescat. 15. Tennyson: The Lotus Eaters.

THE WHODUNIT

(*Continued from page* 9)

part and speaking lines in which he has been followed by many another actor. Wilmer, the baby-faced killer, has also had his many mimics; the Fat Man has had his obese, sinister imitators; and Cairo and Wilmer have shown the way to other homosexual couples. It would surely seem that "The Maltese Falcon" can, without exaggeration, be called an epoch-making book.

With "The Glass Key" (1931) and "The Thin Man" (1934) Hammett continued to develop the detective story along lines that were to find favor with many followers. In his first book, sex is nicely taken care of by Beaumont and Eloise Matthews; but sex runs second to sadism. A gorilla named Jeff is the boy who hands it out to our hero, Beaumont, who endures a beating from Jeff and an assistant that goes on for pages, and sends him to the hospital. (His hardier successors recover from similar beatings with astonishing rapidity.) At one point Jeff asks Beaumont: "What do you guess it is that makes me get such a hell of a big kick out of slugging you?" Later he delightedly calls Beaumont "a God damned massacrist."

Nick Charles, of "The Thin Man," is also irresistible to women and incredibly brave and debonair. His heroic drinking, particularly before breakfast, has proved an inspiration to later sleuths. "The Thin Man" is skilfully spiced with sadism, and there is a brief strip-tease when Nick helps his wife to undress Dorothy Wynant, who is very drunk, and remarks for the benefit of interested readers: "She had a beautiful little body." Later, after Nick has wrestled savagely with Dorothy's mother, his wife asks him a frank question regarding his physical response to the bodily contact, and she receives a charmingly frank answer.

Where Dashiell Hammett left off, Raymond Chandler began. A glance at two of his books—"The Big Sleep" (1939) and "The Little Sister" (1949) —will suffice us. In the first of these, Marlowe—Chandler's private eye, who makes Hammett's Spade and Charles look almost like sissies—successfully resists being brought to bed by the two Sternwood sisters, each of whom is determined to seduce him. The younger is a charming, moronic, epileptic nymphomaniac, who falls into Marlowe's arms at first meeting; the elder remarks to Marlowe that her sister has "a beautiful little body," (note the quote from Hammett, there

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are many such echoes) but adds: "You ought to see mine." She does her best to have him do so, but he rebuffs her experienced advances and hurries home, only to find the younger sister naked and giggling in his bed. This is no great treat, as he has previously found her nude and drugged in the house of a dealer in obscene books, who is also one half of a devoted homosexual pair. He throws the lady out.

In "The Little Sister" the pace is even faster and more furious. Marlowe meets a Miss Gonzales for the first time. And a few minutes later—"The next thing I knew I had her in my lap and she was trying to bite a piece off my tongue. 'You are a very sweet son-of-a-bitch,' she said. Her mouth was as hot as ever a mouth was. Her lips burned like dry ice. Her tongue was driving hard against my teeth." This is only one of innumerable passages—many of them less decently quotable—in which Chandler proves himself a master of erotic prose. And he also does his best to satisfy the sadists. Marlowe has a genius for walking into booby-traps, getting himself brutally beaten, and blundering towards the solution of his problem. Like Spade, he is always on the verge of losing his license because of his suppression of evidence or other illegal activities, is fearless in the face of danger, and is easily capable of taking a couple of guns away from anyone who has him covered.

One might reasonably think that Raymond Chandler, like the folks in Kansas City, had gone about as far as you can go. One might, if one did not happen to know Mickey Spillane and his private eye, Mike Hammer—the peerless joys of the two-bits reprint market. Three books—"I, the Jury" (1947), "One Lonely Night" (1951), and "The Big Kill" (1951)—will tell you all you need to know about Mickey and Mike, and enable you to decide whether or not you wish to read the rest of the Spillane masterworks.

JUST as Marlowe is an exaggeration of Spade, so is Hammer an exaggeration—even a caricature—of Marlowe. More savage than his predecessors, he is even more of a glutton for physical punishment, and he outdoes them in the stupidity that results in his being viciously sapped at regular intervals. But to Mickey's character something very important has been added. He is a killer, with delusions of grandeur; he revels in "the power of the gun and the obscene pleasure that was brutality and force, the spicy sweetness of murder sanctified by law"; he feels that his .45 is "an extension" of himself; he speaks of "crazy mad hatreds that tied my insides into knots"; and he knows that his emotions make his face "a mask of kill-lust." When he does not kill, he glories in mayhem. ("I grabbed the guy by the neck and hauled him to his feet so I could drag the cold sharp metal of the rod across his face until he was a bright red mask mumbling for me to stop.")

And something else has been added. Spade and Marlowe played hard to get when the girls went after them; but Hammer finds it almost impossible to disappoint a woman. As a result of this compelling streak of old-world chivalry—or should it be called simply satyriasis?—he moves swiftly from bed to bed in a series of concupiscent episodes, on which his creator dwells with amorous emphasis. For Mike is not content merely to kiss; he must also tell, expertly and graphically. He spends much energy, if little intelligence, in running down murderers and in committing murder himself; but he (perhaps the names of Mike and Mickey should here be interchangable) spends no less energy in attempting to demonstrate the truth of the thesis, tunefully enunciated in "South Pacific," that there's nothing like a dame—more specifically, that nothing is built like a dame.

His devotion to the female form divine is something hardly less than perpetual worship; he has the eye of a Leonardo or a Dürer for anatomical detail, and his reporting on this subject is a model of enthusiastic accuracy. In his own choice words, he is continually "drooling" at the sight, or even the thought, of some choice fleshly morsel. The ladies, more often than not, are highly cooperative, proving themselves deft exhibitionists by suddenly opening a house coat, or dropping another garment, to show beyond doubt—in the immortal words of the *doyenne* of the American stage—"that's all there is, there isn't any more." But when they do not strip themselves, they are stripped by someone else, either willingly or under duress. One of Mr. Spillane's finest scenes is the description of Hammer finding his beautiful secretary stark naked, tied by her wrists with a rope that is in turn tied to the rafters, rotating slowly in the light of an electric lantern, as a man keeps her marvelous body turning with regular blows of a knotted rope, while other men stand around, obscenely fascinated, slobbering—the author assures us—with lust and pleasure at this pretty example of what is yet to come. It is only just, I think, to say that this little episode has everything. Mr. Spillane could hardly top it, unless he chose to flay one of his lovely ladies; and this, perhaps, would not be an improvement, for no less an authority than Dr. Johnson has assured us that the flaying of a woman changes her appearance, surprisingly, for the worse.

NOTHING would give me greater pleasure than to support with full, juicy quotations the general description that I have given of Mr. Spillane's works. I fear, however, that this is impossible; that, if I even began to convey passages of Mr. Spillane's richest prose to the pages of *The Saturday Review*, the editors of this comparatively chaste periodical would, with one loud voice, echo Jeffrey's classic verdict—"This will never do." But I trust that even while working in hobbles I have succeeded in communicating some faint idea of the character and quality of Mr. Spillane's art.

He and his fellow-workers—for he is only the most conspicuous, most successful member of a flourishing school—have brought to ripe perfection elements and qualities that were juvenescent in Hammett and mature in Chandler. It is as though their fiction had been bred according to Mendelian laws, so that certain characteristics should be grossly exaggerated while others were suppressed. Detection, in the true sense of the word, has been bred almost out of existence; while crime, on the other hand, has become dominant. Stupidity and brutality have replaced intelligence. Salacity has supplanted ingenuity. Probability is flouted, credibility scorned, absurdity honored. A routine narrative-pattern has been developed in which sadism, exhibitionism, sexual intercourse, and murder recur at regular intervals, while homosexuality, flagellation, or some other attractive perversion occasionally adds zest to the whole.

The frontiers of pure pornography have certainly been approached; whether or not they have been crossed every reader may decide for himself. That this narrative-pattern is giving a vast public exactly what it wants is proved by the enormous sales enjoyed by the writers who make use of it. But there should be a new name for their product. "Detective story" is too ancient and honorable a label for material so debased. If the new school were in complete possession of the field, the detective story would already be dead and buried. Fortunately, however, there are still writers, many of them, whose books deserve to bear that ancient, honorable label; writers who are worthy scions of a distinguished line. May they flourish! But the barbarians are within the gates.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 949

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. American woman artist in England (1844-1930; "Love Locked Out," in Tate Gallery, London, etc.).

B. A number or quantity to be added to the "augend" (math.).

C. Verses, strains, stanzas (Ir.).

D. Natural aptitudes or knacks.

E. Buffoons or merry-andrews.

F. Clouds meeting about the summits of mountains or hills.

G. Reticulated.

H. Just now; presently (dialect or poetic).

I. Unbranded animals.

J. A king of Calydon whose realm was ravaged by a boar until his son Meleager killed it (Gr. myth.).

K. A political "Club" of extreme Tories in England, esp. active about 1710.

L. Females of the ruff (sandpiper).

M. Issue; emanation (rare).

WORDS

12 182 32 174 1 114 168

153 98 109 75 57 90

172 96 8 108 113

31 43 147 63 7 120 131 72 169

11 97 73 62 132 82

149 42 41 18 27 184 173 123 13

60 48 78 83 17 20

55 40 24 65

47 101 68 176 23 39 135 6 79

133 46 89 29 4 156

170 180 44 128 76 100 49

54 104 36 154 51 26

116 81 171 74 143 166 137 162 185

DEFINITIONS

N. Attenuated.

O. An elephant (India).

P. Sometimes, an only child (2 wds.; Bib. reference).

Q. Understanding; cognizant or aware.

R. A European bird with a cheerful song, often caged.

S. Approved by authority (pharm.).

T. A goddess described as drinking from golden beakers with Odin (Norse myth.).

U. Avouched or verified (law).

V. A way of serving eggs (cookery).

W. Ponderings.

X. American author (1885-1942; "Mamba's Daughters").

Y. The rudest type of stone implements.

Z. Purled (knitting).

Z'. Instigates or incites.

WORDS

38 94 15 134 86 152 117

103 107 138 111 77

66 119 19 164 167 91 127

140 35 93 146 115 70 161 53 175 183 102

141 28 124 165 178 121 2 5 45

92 99 177 112 142 130 163 151

61 67 50 148

126 145 22 84 105 59 150

95 10 85 160 144 69 52

157 118 16 179 122 87 34

158 56 64 25 88 139 33

136 80 129 71 110 14 37

125 181 3 30 155 58

159 9 21 106

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	1 A	2 R	■	3 Z	4 J	5 R	6 I	7 D	8 C	9 Z¹	10 V	11 E	12 A	13 F	14 Y
15 N	16 W	17 G	■	18 F	19 P	20 G	21 Z¹	22 U	23 I	24 H	25 X	26 L	■	27 F	28 R	29 J	
■	30 Z	31 D	32 A	33 X	34 W	■	35 Q	36 L	37 Y	38 N	39 I	40 H	41 F	■	42 F	43 D	
■	44 K	45 R	46 J	■	47 I	48 G	49 K	50 T	51 L	52 V	■	53 Q	54 L	55 H	56 X	57 B	
■	58 Z	59 U	60 G	61 T	62 E	63 D	64 X	■	65 H	66 P	67 T	68 I	69 V	■	70 Q	71 Y	
72 D	73 E	74 M	75 B	■	76 K	77 O	78 G	79 I	■	80 Y	81 M	■	82 E	83 G	84 U	85 V	
86 N	87 W	■	88 X	89 J	90 B	■	91 P	92 S	93 Q	94 N	95 V	■	96 C	97 E	98 B	■	
99 S	100 K	101 I	102 Q	103 O	104 L	105 U	106 Z¹	■	107 O	108 C	109 B	■	110 Y	111 O	112 S	113 C	
114 A	115 Q	116 M	117 N	118 W	119 P	120 D	■	121 R	122 W	■	123 F	124 R	125 Z	126 U	127 P	128 K	
129 Y	130 S	131 D	■	132 E	133 J	134 N	135 I	136 Y	137 M	138 O	139 X	140 Q	141 R	■	142 S	143 M	
144 V	145 U	146 Q	147 D	■	148 T	149 F	150 U	■	151 S	152 N	153 B	154 L	155 Z	■	156 J	157 W	
158 X	159 Z¹	160 V	161 Q	162 M	163 S	164 P	■	165 R	166 M	167 P	168 A	169 D	■	170 K	171 M	■	
172 C	173 F	174 A	175 Q	■	176 I	177 S	178 R	179 W	180 K	181 Z	182 A	183 Q	184 F	185 M	■	■	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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SONATA No. 5 IN C MAJOR *(Prokofiev) (Opus 38)*
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SONATA IN B FLAT MAJOR *(Mozart) (K. 281)*
SONATA IN B FLAT MAJOR *(Mozart) (K. 570)*
SONATA IN G MAJOR *(Mozart) (K. 283)*
SONATA IN C MAJOR *(Mozart) (K. 545)*
JACQUELINE BLANCARD (piano)
LL-529—$5.95

SONATA No. 4 IN A MINOR FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO *(Beethoven) (Op. 23)*
SONATA No. 8 IN G MAJOR FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO *(Op. 30, No. 3)*
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LONDON RECORDS

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SR / RECORDINGS SECTION

HIGHLIGHTS

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With the Boston Symphony in Europe

CYRUS DURGIN

BERLIN.

CHEERS and tears, the repercussions of the oil strike at home, a blacked-out trip across the Berlin corridor, swank receptions and seats for the press in the gallery—these are among the mingled memories of the first half of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's eventful tour around free Europe. It's been tough and it's been tempestuous, but one thing is sure beyond doubt—Europe has heard a great orchestra, and Europe has responded in a way to gratify everyone involved.

Six concerts in four countries in little more than a week—travel time included—have left a jumble of impressions which may eventually be sorted out, collated, and cast up in a neat balance of evaluation. At the moment, with Paris, The Hague, Amsterdam, Brussels, Frankfurt past and Berlin impending, one can mark only a few highlights, attempt some generalizations, underscore the kinds and quantities of reaction this venture has aroused.

Nobody associated with the Boston Symphony Orchestra tour has seen Paris quite this way before, nor will it be seen the same way again. Local valuations ranged from those who regarded the Boston Symphony as typically American to those who welcomed the Strasbourg-born Charles Munch and some twenty-odd French-born players in the orchestra as a happy evidence of home-grown quality. René Dumesnil, in *Le Monde*, gave his benediction to the "French wing" of the orchestra, and the critic of *Le Figaro* took note that all this superb playing at the first concert in the Paris Opéra had been "led by a French general."

Reactions to the American works on the programs were as varied as the pieces, the critics, and the locale. Politeness was the prevailing tone in Paris toward the "School for Scandal" Overture of Samuel Barber and the "Toccata" which Walter Piston, of Boston and Harvard, wrote for the American tour of the French Orchestre National under Charles Munch in 1948. Specifically, the words were "clever," "pleasant," "without originality," for the Barber, much the same for the Piston.

On the other hand, William Schuman's ten-year-old Symphony No. 3 has seemed to interest European audiences more, despite its divisions into Prelude, Fugue, Chorale, and Toccata—which might seem a rather cerebral challenge, and lengthy, too. Yet, as I have personally observed, it has been generally well-received. A leading Frankfurt critic, Hans Enke, has just given it very thoughtful consideration, with due valuation of its formal structure and a sympathetic regard, all told.

As an emotional climax, nothing is likely to surpass the evening of May 8, when Pierre Monteux was in charge of the orchestra before a cheering audience of compatriots in the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. There was other music on the program, but all that was anticipated—and all that was talked about later—was the "home-coming" of Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," in the same hall and with the same conductor who had continued phlegmatically to beat time for the original performance with ballet, thirty-nine years ago when an aroused Paris whistled, shouted, rapped canes, and even exchanged blows with neighbors as a modern masterpiece was born.

Part of the legend of that occasion is that the composer found a window

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Cyrus Durgin is music critic of the Boston Globe.

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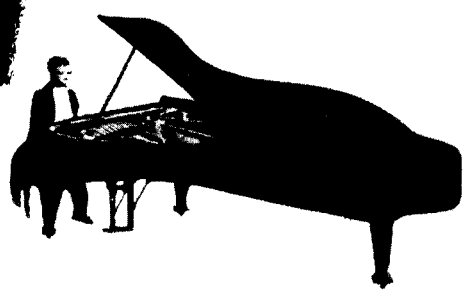

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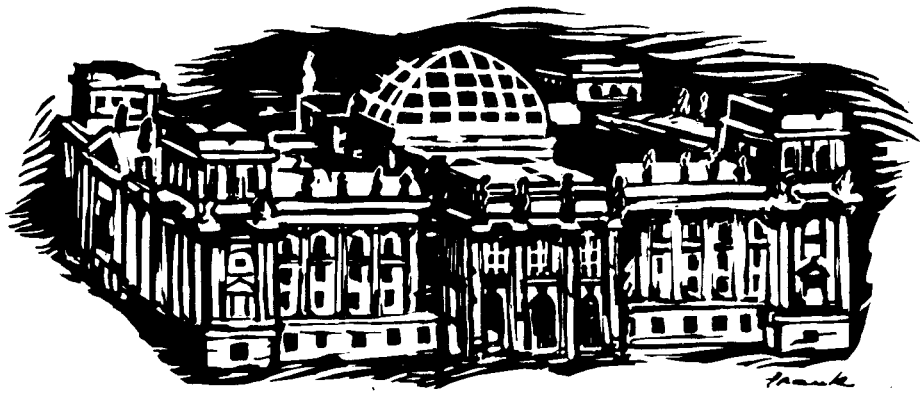
opening on the street the most convenient escape from the chaos. This time the only question was how to acknowledge the applause. From his seat in the auditorium a beaming Stravinsky half-rose to flap enthusiastic hands stageward. Upon the gestured request of the conductor he rose to full height—something less than statuesque at that—and the audience broke into a congratulatory roar. The bald, bespectacled little man of seventy left his seat and disappeared in the general direction of the stage.

I was not there when he arrived, but I am told he suddenly decided not to take a bow. As he hung back, Munch arrived from his place in the audience, and Monteux joined them from the stage. Each conductor grabbed an arm, and fairly dragged Stravinsky to public view. He bowed once, kissed Monteux affectionately, and walked off. Those nearby said he had tears in his eyes.

It's not irrelevant to add, as postscript, that Monteux afterwards proclaimed this was the finest performance of "Le Sacre" that he had ever heard. He speaks with authority, of course, and I don't think excessive personal bias. He has, after all, directed and heard many a performance of "Le Sacre" in nearly forty years.

In part that judgment was occasioned neither by the orchestra nor its conductor, but by the superb acoustics of the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. Clear and resonant, the orchestra sounded at is marvelous best. It would be difficult to say the same of the impression in the plush-lined "Grande Boîte" (as Verdi called it) of the Paris Opéra. For reasons known only to the French, a part of the "international" press was shuffled off to the top gallery. Here the orchestra had its familiar richness and resonance, but the sound was off-balance. To accomodate the numerous personnel, an apron was built out over the usual orchestra pit, flaring out, even, under some of the patrician boxes. The strings, pushed beyond a resonating frame, lost some of their power, while the brass, perched on tiers behind, had too much prominence. Only the visiting firemen seemed to mind, but they were generally happier with the results in the more intimate, architecturally uncluttered Champs-Elysées Theatre.

On the road—if you can distinguish between Paris, The Hague, Amsterdam, Brussels, and Frankfurt—conditions were variable, but generally good. The resonant qualities of the Schouwburg in Den Haag were excellent, the famed Concertgebouw in Amsterdam a baffling disappointment. This Dutch auditorium has doubtless housed some great music-making, but from where I sat it seemed an impossible place, with a high stage toward which one had to crane a neck to see, a steeply rising slope on which the brass and woodwind were arrayed, an encompassing audience, both on the main floor and in the balcony running U-shaped around the hall, who tended to soak up resonance with their clothing. The ceiling, slightly domed, and the auditorium, level as a Kansas wheat field, were also negative factors.



In Brussels, the Palais des Beaux-Arts, built about thirty years ago, proved admirable. Though it has no "sounding box" or shell to reflect the tone hall-ward, the egg-shaped contours of the interior make for bright acoustics. The good effect of the evening's music making was almost spoiled, however, when the ceremonials appropriate to the presence of King Baudouin—looking for all the world like a tired, bored young boy in heavily rimmed spectacles and military uniform in the royal box—almost went awry. It is Belgian custom, under such circumstances, to play the national anthem, "La Brabançonne," both at the beginning and end of the program. It was properly forthcoming at the beginning, but when Mr. Munch strode out after the end of the printed program and took the podium again, half the orchestra was unaware what impended. Many of the woodwinds, in fact, had disassembled instruments and were packing up. Under his whispered direction, the strings swung into the anthem, and little by little others joined.

The Brussels-Frankfurt hop had been anticipated as a swift interlude of air travel, allowing for a much needed breather of a few hours on arrival in Germany. However, the oil strike at home has already had its impact on non-essential military flying over here and, like it or not, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its conductors and attached campfollowers, were gently advised that they were, for flight purposes, "non-essential." So everybody was loaded onto a train at 7 A.M., for an eight-hour overland jaunt to the Rhineland. Five hours sleep the night before and a long haul by rail did not augur well for the Frankfurt concert, but as such things sometimes happen, it went extremely well, the orchestra sounding as fresh as a hundred-odd daisies.

This concert, practically a triumph of art over fatigue, took place in the newly reconstructed Grosses Haus, formerly the Schauspielhaus. Although much of Frankfurt is still in ruins, the repair of the Schauspielhaus was undertaken several years ago at a cost of $2,000,000. Outwardly, it is a curious blend of old and new, but the interior is a splendid example of modernistic architecture, at once practical and in good taste. It seats 1,400, has two revolving stages, one within the other, and is well equipped for all reasonable purposes.

AFTER an afternoon concert for personnel of the armed forces on the day following, the men embarked for Berlin, again by rail. Here, too, air transport had been scheduled, but revoked under the stringent conditions affecting fuel supply. One contingent was assigned to travel via cars attached to a U.S. Army duty train, and another in like manner with a French duty train. The coaches were sealed, with military personnel in charge.

Just before departure time a French newspaper was procured in Frankfurt which announced in what seemed scare headlines for the usually restrained French that the Soviet check points were refusing rail passage through their corridor, and the rails might be torn up at any time. Fortunately, no evidence of any such gloomy prospects were encountered. We were instructed by the Army personnel on board to keep the shades of our sleeping compartments drawn between 4:30 and 5 A.M.—presumably when the USSR troops would exchange formalities with our military detachment at the frontier—but after a few noises during the night at previous stopping points the official one

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passed without incident. Indeed, most of us were too exhausted to pay attention, awakening only when the grinding halt at 6:30 announced our arrival in Berlin.

Amid the traveling, the changes of halls, food, and sleeping conditions, the orchestra has performed with unflagging spirit and enthusiasm. Hospitality has been unbounded, and often of a touching personal nature. The orchestra of the Radiodiffusion Française tendered the visitors a cocktail party at the Théâtre des Champ-Elysées with appropriate speeches, at which hosts and guests were so numerous that getting a martini or a glass of champagne was a major achievement. In Amsterdam the town council toured the musicians through the canals, then received them in the modernistic council chamber of the Town Hall, whose desks and lecterns gave one the uneasy feeling of having been hauled into court. Here Pierre Monteux, once regular director of the Concertgebouw Orchestra, was received as an old friend, with several hundred well-chosen words of greeting from Dr. Anton de Roos, head of Amsterdam's Department of Education and Culture. The next day the orchestra was feted with Geneva gin and other local delicacies at a reception by the Concertgebouw Orchestra.

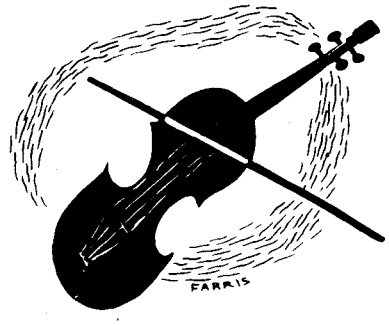
Among the European born musicians who have been singled out for special attention is cellist Jacobus Langendon, a native Hollander who was greeted in the Hague by Queen Juliana of the Netherlands. He was one of a party including conductor Munch, concert-master Richard Burgin, and manager George Judd summoned to the royal box during the intermission. At Frankfurt a party of official greeters included not only High Commissioner John J. McCloy but also the Burgomeister of Oberstaufenbach, who bore a volume of tributes destined for one of its native sons, Daniel Kuntz. This violinist was a member of the Boston Symphony at its formation in 1881, and is still living in Boston at ninety-two.

Oberstaufenbach hasn't forgotten the Boston Symphony, and it isn't likely that any members of the Boston Symphony will forget this tour even if they should, like the fortunate Mr. Kuntz, live to be ninety-two. With Strasbourg, Metz, Lyon, Bordeaux, and London still to come, anything can happen. What's most likely to happen is that the Boston Symphony will go on playing its triumphant way across Europe. That it's that kind of an orchestra, with the morale to meet any and all circumstances, this tour has—I think I can say without undue egotism—already proven.

Projects in Progress

A CONTINUING evidence of the deep penetration and enduring effect of LP is contained in the number of sizable projects it has propagated—even more, the indication that a reasonable number of them will attain fulfilment. Scherchen's "Salomon" symphonies of Haydn, the clarinet literature by Reginald Kell, Chopin by Rubinstein, are all represented in the present production, but the largest and most promising new venture is introduced by Decca LP's DL 9580 1 ($5.95 each) on which Wilhelm Kempff plays one-eighth of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas —on the first the "Appassionata" and Opus 90, on the second the "Waldstein" and Opus 101.

Assuming that the Schnabel performances will, sooner or later, be available on LP—a considerable assumption, but one not without solid



foundation in current planning—the Kempff performances have these distinguishing attributes: more consistently contemporary reproduced sound (Decca is purveying postwar performances, on the whole beautifully processed), a lighter hand on some works in which that virtue is welcome, an over-all individuality worthy of comparison with Schnabel, though it might, in the end, be faced down by his power over some of the biggest works.

This is, of course, the second Kempff "complete" series; the fact that the first came along in the early Thirties inclines some to believe that he is now an ancient, fairly passé. The reverse seems to be true; he is now fifty-seven, with sound technical discipline to match his unquestionable understanding of what he is about. If the pairings continue on the high level of the first two, the series will have its own justification, Schnabel or no.

The Rubinstein Chopin is another, much more individual matter. His concern on RCA Victor LM 1205 ($5.72) and LM 152 ($4.67) are the seven "Polonaises," a literature both intense and individual. I can imagine the works played in a more rigid, mathematical manner; but it would not be Rubinstein's way nor, do I think, Chopin's either. My particular favorite is the "Andante Spianato" and "Grande Polonaise" (E flat), which is realized in a style both meaningful and magical. Clear, resonant piano sound.

Scherchen's investigation of the "Salomon" symphonies of Haydn (Nos. 92 to 104) has now covered ten of the twelve, with the issue of Nos. 96 in D and 98 in B flat (Westminster WL 5111, $5.95). In neither does he approach the exceptional level of the "Military," which protrudes—after months—as one of the peaks of contemporary recording effort, but in neither does he fall off drastically. Whatever the fallible consequence of human sympathy and its limitations—and these two works are not the most stimulating to Scherchen—the mental processes are always dependable, the objective unvarying. I find both performances admirable but a little dull, the recording decent but not remarkable.

In the case of Kell, mention of his associates are about all that is needed to characterize the qualities of the work of the moment—Mozart, Brahms, or Beethoven. In the Mozart Quintet (Decca DL 9600, $5.85) it is the Fine Arts Quartet, in the Brahms A minor Trio (Decca DL 7524, $3.85), Frank Miller, cello, and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. Both are splendidly played, but I find the Mozart a little overwrought and pushed-ahead by comparison with the recent more relaxed version in which Wlach is the soloist (Westminster). The Brahms gets all there is to get out of this not-too-promising score.

Also in the realm of chamber music are the mounting issues from Westminster of Beethoven quartets in performances by the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet, just extended by LP's WL 5134 and 5127, which completes the treatment of Opus 59 (these are Nos. 1 and 3), and 5120, which contains Opus 127. (Each is $5.95.) Quite the most distinguished thing about this series is the recording, of a breadth and fulness rarely excelled in chamber music, if verging at times on the oversized. The playing is unfailingly sober and musically sophisticated, with few strokes of personal illumination or emotional insight not inherent in the literal markings. Of this group, Opus 59, No. 1, is outstanding in stylistic appreciation and consistently good reproduction. —I. K.

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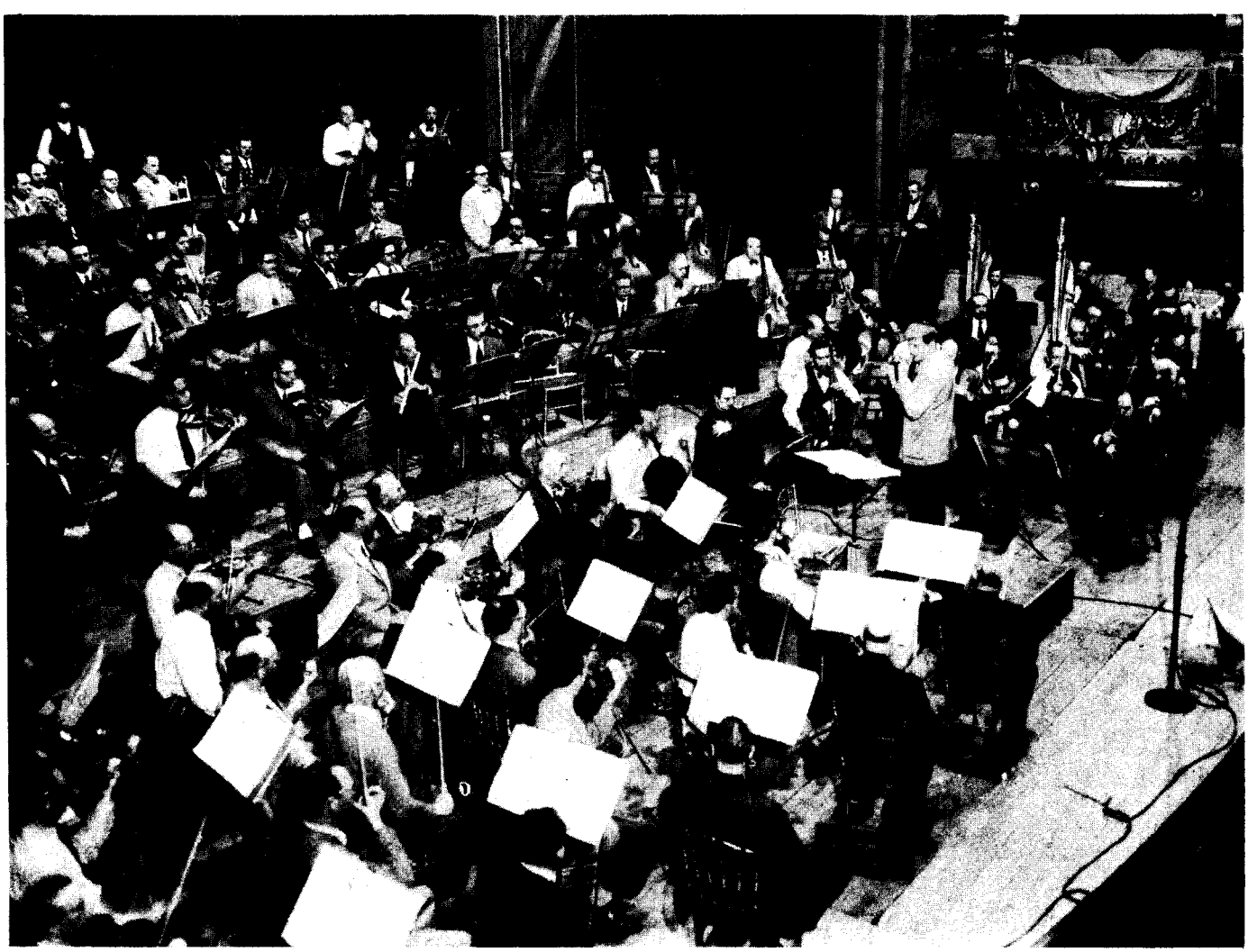
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA IN PARIS

Pierre Monteux at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées—"homecoming."

Stravinsky in the audience—"enthusiastic hands stageward."

Charles Munch rehearsing the orchestra in the Paris Opéra—"only the visiting firemen seemed to mind."

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Fritz Reiner—Perpetual Prodigy

CESAR SAERCHINGER

THE first I ever saw of Fritz Reiner was the back of his head as it protruded above the orchestra pit of the Dresden Opera during a revival of Wagner's "Rienzi" in December 1920. He was just under thirty-two, and looked absurdly young, with the pudgy face and pouting smile of an overgrown baby; yet he had been the star conductor of this historic theater for almost six years.

The other day I watched the same Fritz Reiner conduct an even more impressive performance of "Elektra" at the Metropolitan Opera. Here was the same head—a little wispier at the top—on the same shortish figure, grown a little more chunky, and the same quiet energy producing an even more brilliant complex of sound. Between the two events, over three decades apart, lay the career of a life-time prodigy—a person as accomplished and effective in youth as most of us would like to be in age; a man to whom success became a habit; who solves every musical problem with a quiz kid's ease.

In the course of thirty-two years I have had no call to revise my first impression of Reiner, though our tastes and principles are as divergent as the roads we have traveled. Not till the other day did we meet again for a conversational journey through the past. How did it all happen? How does a youngster, born in a small businessman's family in Budapest without artistic antecedents or pretensions, blossom forth into a baton virtuoso?

"Well," said Reiner, "we had a musical clock—a wonderful musical clock. It played excerpts from 'Lucia,' the sextet and the tenor aria of the last act."

That's how it started—with tinkling tunes from "Lucia" and the singing of Schubert's songs by Mama Reiner, a talented amateur. When Fritz was six he was taken to the Opera House to hear the real "Lucia," and was so excited that he was given piano lessons forthwith. At nine he was able to play the "Tannhäuser" Overture by heart and so won the friendship of the future composer Leo Weiner, who remained his musical mentor throughout his formative years. At ten Fritz was admitted to the Academy of Music, and at thirteen he conducted the annual students' concert of his school. At the Academy he specialized in piano, finishing up as a pupil of Béla Bartók with a public performance of Liszt's B minor Sonata and Beethoven's Opus 111. His specific talent for conducting was accidentally discovered by Hans Koessler, the professor of composition (there being no conducting lessons in those days).

At nineteen—following a short turn at the study of law to satisfy a parental order—young Reiner landed his first job, as coach in the Budapest Comic Opera, a private institution then on its last legs. Before it passed out, however, a providential emergency forced Reiner to conduct a performance of "Carmen" without benefit of rehearsal. He has been fond of emergencies ever since. ("Watch out for emergencies," he told his conducting pupils at the Curtis Institute many years later. "They are the young conductor's chance.")

After the Comic Opera closed, Reiner supported himself by teaching, accompanying, and coaching would-be prima donnas at two crowns per hour. One day he played for a local soprano auditioning for the opera house at Laibach (now the Yugoslav city of Liublyana). The soprano didn't make it, but Reiner, aged twenty-one, landed the post of "chief" conductor of the Laibach Opera. This was a happy augury, for Laibach was the city where Gustav Mahler got his start. The job involved conducting anything from "The Merry Widow" to "La Bohème" with an orchestra of twenty-five, and learning the Slovenian tongue. Reiner made his debut with Smetana's "Dalibor," a work with strictly Slavic appeal. As director of the city's Grand Symphony Concerts he also conducted Beethoven's Fifth and other classics with an "augmented" orchestra of thirty. The Laibach public fell in love with their young conductor, and he reciprocated by marrying one of its most attractive members.

—*By Rudolf Scheffler* (1919).

Fritz Reiner—"eclectic in method."

The end of this idyll came when the manager of the Budapest People's Opera visited Laibach, heard Reiner, and signed him up for three years. The offerings of this Number Two Opera House of the Hungarian capital ranged all the way from "The Chimes of Normandy" to all the Wagner operas except the "Ring." In his third year Reiner expanded the repertory by staging one of the first European productions of "Parsifal" outside of Bayreuth. The performance started at the instant it became legal under the copyright laws, at midnight of December 31, 1913!

With the news of this event still fresh Reiner scored a spectacular hit with the Budapest première of "The Jewels of the Madonna," starring three leading members of the Dresden Opera as guests. Intoxicated with their success this trio went home singing the praises of Budapest's conducting boy-wonder to their chief, Count von Seebach, who promptly invited Reiner to Dresden for an interview. Ten days later Dresden lost its aging musical director, the world-renowned Ernst von Schuch, and Reiner was engaged to fill the gap, presumably for a limited time.

At this point Reiner faced another of those fateful "emergencies"—a monumental one this time—which could either make or break him. He was asked to take over, without rehearsal, the entire "Ring" cycle, the one Wagner opus which he had not previously conducted. He came through the ordeal with flying colors, and presently was appointed Royal Court Kapellmeister. The other leading contenders for the post—Weingartner and Muck—were passed by for the twenty-five-year-old Reiner.

During his eight years in Dresden Reiner conducted all the important operas in the repertory, also new productions and novelties, some of which brought him into contact with Richard Strauss. He also shared the direction of the symphony concerts of the Saxon State Orchestra, reputed to be the finest in Germany. Not the least advantage of Dresden was its proximity to both Berlin and Leipzig, the two cities where Artur Nikisch held sway. Nikisch represented the apogee of what Reiner calls the great Hun-

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garian school of conducting, *i.e.* the style and tradition developed by Sandor Erkel and Stephan Kerner in Budapest, where Reiner had acquired his technique. But Kerner himself had warned him that "art begins where technique leaves off." From the day he reached Dresden Reiner lost no opportunity to watch the greatest living practitioner of the art. He became Nikisch's protege, and no doubt absorbed some of the characteristics of his style, which by then had sloughed off the torrid emotionalism of his earlier years in favor of natural, direct expression, clarity of line, and transparency of sound.

It would not be fair to say that Reiner is an imitator of Nikisch; yet the fascination of the man was irresistible, and a keen observer may still detect traces of the "tamed" Nikisch in Reiner's persistent right-hand beat, the somewhat languid gestures of his left, and the quasi-hypnotic use of the eyes. But he is as eclectic in method as he is cosmopolitan in his tastes: the ascetic classicism of Mahler and Muck has influenced him no less than the lush sonorities and improvised rubators of Nikisch.

Soon after our first meeting in 1920 Reiner began to chafe under the narrow nationalism of Saxony's "revolutionary" regime. In the following year he accepted some guest engagements in Italy and Spain in defiance of the Dresden bureaucrats, thus creating another "emergency" for himself. The solution came in the form of a cable which reached me in the spring of 1922, inquiring where the wandering Reiner could be found. It was from the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, then looking for a successor to Eugène Ysaye. By the time I had located him on the island of Mallorca, Reiner was as good as engaged for what turned out to be the longest stint of his career to date.

Since then he has worked nine years in Cincinnati and ten in Pittsburgh, giving their citizens the most varied musical fare they had yet experienced—from the Viennese classics to Hindemith and Stravinsky, with particular emphasis on Brahms and Strauss, and a suitable amount of Debussy and Ravel. The interim between the two periods he spent mainly in Philadelphia, teaching up-and-coming Americans to conduct, filling guest engagements with most American orchestras from New York to San Francisco, and setting up a few very special operatic performances which inevitably predestined him for his present assignment at the Metropolitan Opera of New York.

There is no doubt that Reiner has

(*Continued on page* 58)

Spotlight on the Moderns

THE American Recording Society, an altruistic venture that would have been quite impossible without the generosity of Columbia University's Alice M. Ditson Fund, began its activities some months ago in a singularly optimistic vein by having American orchestral works set down on tape abroad. Understandable growing pains were evident in getting so ambitious a recording program into operation.

The most recent orchestral release to come from ARS (LP 11, $4.95) is, however, much better than the earlier ones in matters of both performance and reproduction. The suite by Roger Sessions from his thirty-year-old score for Andreiev's "The Black Maskers" is conducted by Walter Hendl, now of Dallas. To judge from this recording, he has acquired mature insight, considerable command, and the ability to evoke beautiful orchestral sound since he last appeared in New York.

One of the difficulties confronting ARS abroad, I am told, is the orchestral musician's custom of appearing at one rehearsal and sending a substitute to another. Perhaps ARS has found a way of combating this practice, for the new issues are superior to the old. Contemporary music suffers particularly from the "deputy" system: the "American idiom," it is claimed, being especially unfamiliar to foreign players. I wonder, however, if we are not flattering ourselves a bit in thinking we have so indigenous an idiom. Certainly, the Sessions work would hardly offer obstacles to players nurtured on Richard Strauss or conversant with the colorful ballet scores of Maurice Ravel and the earlier Stravinsky.

"The Black Maskers" absorbs these European traditions; and its composer, with remarkable ingenuity in his handling of instruments, arrives within the traditions at new and personal shades to evoke the tragic atmosphere of the play. Those who have formed an impression of Sessions from his Second Symphony will find "The Black Masters" relatively easy to apprehend. But his integrity and remarkable sense of detail were in no way jeopardized in the service of the practical demands of the theatre.

John Alden Carpenter's "Adventures in a Perambulator," which also, in its first LP version, originates from a foreign recording studio (Concert Hall CHS 1140, $5.95), offers even less obstacle to a European player. Its French orchestration stems either directly from the Impressionists or via Delius. If one cares to look for it, there is an American ingredient too. Since 1914, when Carpenter wrote his tone-poem, this Americanism, such as it is, has found its *niveau* in the scores for the smart, fluffy films that were the vogue in Myrna Loy's heyday. Henry Swoboda conducts the Vienna State Opera Orchestra.

What is René Leibowitz, rabid apologist for the twelve-tone school, doing conducting, in most elegant fashion, some very charming ballet music of Georges Auric? I suspect that for him all but the composers of entertainment music (jazz and such) are obliged to be dodecaphonic, and that essentially Auric makes no more pretension than the composers of entertainment music, and thus really belongs to their class. The categories are highly suspicious. What matters is the skill, taste, and ingenuity of the refreshing Auric scores, a suite from "Fontaine de jouvance" and "Marlborough s'en va-t-en guerre" (Renaissance X-41, $5.95). "Divertissement Champêtre," by Pierre Gradwohl, who is unknown here, mercilessly stretches out on the reverse side the type of carnival allusions that made an effective short piece in Stravinsky's "Circus Polka." "Music for the Contemporary French Ballet" is the label for this release, and only on the back cover do we find Auric's name, which is a pity, for his name, all too rare on domestic labels, is the important thing.

"Concerto Accademico," by Vaughan Williams, requires tricky balancing in concert performance to keep the violin solo in relief against a busy accompaniment of the same timbre—of, namely, string orchestra. Recording technique provides an easier solution. Louis Kaufman's nimble performance with the Radio Zurich Symphony under Clemens Dahinden is quite impressive (Concert Hall F-8, $5.95). The work itself is a kind of "Classical" Symphony, English style, written about twenty-five years ago, when Prokofiev and Stravinsky were pointing out the benefits to be gained from reinstating eighteenth-century principles. Vaughan Williams is a bit self-conscious about his revivalism, and he has the precious air of the collector of antiques. But there is phenomenal, unfaltering drive in the fast movements.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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On with the Jazz

WILDER HOBSON

PROBABLY the most compactly convenient way of obtaining a rich survey of the entire field of hot music is to buy the Jazz series of LP's gradually being issued by Folkways Records. Fred Ramsey, Jr., the editor and annotator, is an enthusiast of fine taste and intelligence; the selections are re-recordings from his own trove of historic jazz records; and within the compass of five twelve-inch LP's you may now have an electrifying array of seventy-odd sides which go right to the sources of the jazz matter, exhibit the classic strains, and then provide a wide sampling of later developments. Doubtless Ramsey proposes to go ahead, bringing the series up to the present-day "cool jazz" manifestations.

At the rate he is traveling, with some fourteen numbers per LP, he should not need more than perhaps three more discs—and there will be your Portable Jazz, easily inserted in any suitcase. So far the only complaint here is that Ramsey has tended to skimp on white jazz, but there are plenty of signs that he is not oblivious to Caucasian feats in the music, and I should like to suggest to him, if he has not considered it already, that an entire LP might well be devoted to a gamut running, say, from the Original Dixieland Jazz Band to such latter day white masters as Barbara Carroll. (Not that I believe in segregation.)

To begin with, somewhile back, as noted in this column at the time, Ramsey issued his Vols. 1 and 2—"The South" and "The Blues." "The South" was a wonderfully savory program of the kinds of music from which jazz sprang—Mississippi work songs, rural Negro preaching with spontaneous musical "shouting" by the congregation, folk spirituals, mouth organ plaints, etc. From this record alone one could sense the tersely effective job of musical anthropology that Ramsey had set out to do, and he has not been disappointing. "The Blues" handled that subject from its musically rawest aspects to the work of the great Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith—not to forget their poetic accompanists such as Louis Armstrong. Now Ramsey gives us Vols. 3, 4, and 5—"New Orleans," "Jazz Singers," and "Chicago No. I" (Folkways FP57, FP59 and FP63, $5.95 apiece).

It should be stressed that there is not room in any such portmanteau history of jazz for a multiplicity of examples of any given artist or jazz band. To get adequate coverage Ramsey has had to spread out rather than concentrate. But the most famous players keep turning up in different combinations, so that the owner of the series will find that he has quite a lot of, say, Armstrong, or Johnny Dodds. Moreover, the quick-changing variety of these Folkways records gives them a peculiar fascination—rather like a battle of music with many contestants, each limited to one number at a time.

Ramsey notes about the "New Orleans" LP that much Crescent City music was recorded not in that city but by its musical citizens when they had reached Chicago or New York. To mention some of the highlights, there is the melancholy "Gettysburg March" by Kid Rena and other New Orleans veterans, a gentle threnody which might call up many sadnesses besides battles long since gone. The Dallas Jug Band, personnel unknown, provides a light and wiry stomp, "Bottle It Up and Go," in the manner known as "spasm band"—*i.e.*, featuring such informal instruments as washboard, cowbells, kazoo, jug, and whistle. There are early jazz milestones by early masters such as King Oliver and Johnny Dodds—"Perdido Street Blues," "Snake Rag," "Dippermouth Blues," and "High Society" (the first record of the tune in jazz form—1923). Jelly Roll Morton plays a Spanish-tinted piano solo, "New Orleans Blues." The trumpeter Bunk Johnson and his seasoned troupe give a golden and pulsating performance of the spiritual "Down by the River." The white New Orleans Rhythm Kings, with the limpid Leon Rapollo on the clarinet, are represented by "Milenberg Joys" and "Tiger Rag." All in all, this is a many-hued visit to New Orleans (the slow blues being soft-pedaled in view of Folkways Jazz Vol. 2) and I find the disc consistently rewarding—not a weak item in the list.

Nor is there much flagging in the "Jazz Singers" program. Here Ramsey's coverage is very wide indeed, from the Dallas Jug Band's "spasm" singing of "You Gotta Have That Thing" to the vocalized be-boppery of Dizzy Gillespie and Ken Hagood in "Oopapada." In between, Ramsey has been able to offer a great many singers by the simple device of re-recording only the vocal choruses of the discs in question. Louis Armstrong, whose vigorous scat singing is heard elsewhere in the series, performs here in his robustuously sentimental vein —"All of Me." There is Baby Cox's soprano "growling" of "The Mooche" with Duke Ellington, and George Thomas's warmly simple "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?" with McKinney's Cotton Pickers. Jelly Roll Morton's jubilant "Doctor Jazz" is followed by Cab Calloway's "Margie" and Bing Crosby's "Louisiana"—all first-class examples of those artists.

—*Folkways.*

Johnny Dodds and James P. Johnson—"the classic strains."

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The late Ivy Anderson flings out the song which headed her repertoire with Ellington—"It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing"—and there are characteristic choruses by Ella Fitzgerald, Jimmy Rushing, Helen O'Connell, Billie Holliday, and Fats Waller, honoring his mentor, the great James P. Johnson. The second side of the record is devoted to singing on folk or early classic levels, with some of the greatest blues singers and "Cripple" Clarence Lofton's dynamic boogie-woogie vocal "Strut That Thing." One of the choicest episodes on the whole record is the late Leo Watson's scat-singing fantasia on the theme of "Jingle Bells." Leo had an incandescent ability to project and arouse a sense of wild humor; he told uproarious, wordless jokes in vocal tones, and he tells one of the funniest here.

The "Chicago No. 1" disc is a full measure of classic colored jazz, mostly driving in spirit, played by the New Orleans emigrés and their friends in Chicago between 1923 and 1926. The great names—Oliver, Armstrong, Dodds, Ory, Morton—appear repeatedly in different groups, and the feast is exceedingly nourishing from start to finish. The record opens with an irresistible small band effort by Jelly Roll Morton, "Big Fat Ham," which can challenge any work on the list. But like a fine line of showgirls, the collection keeps the senses switching back and forth. I am looking forward to Ramsey's "Chicago No. 2."

LEAVING the musical past, the modern jazz disc which has interested me most this month is the LP "Oscar Peterson at Carnegie" (Mercury MG C-107, $3). Peterson, a Negro from Montreal, is one of the most intensely admired of the newer jazz pianists, and the record consists of three long performances before a live and vociferous audience in Carnegie Hall—"I Only Have Eyes for You," "Fine and Dandy," and "Carnegie Blues." Peterson has an extreme right-hand virtuosity reminiscent of Art Tatum—an almost ceaseless single-finger cascading of notes—and, as with Tatum, I often feel that he is elaborating for the sheer sake of elaboration, without any over-all shaping of the number, or even the chorus, in view. On the other hand, his work is less sleek and slippery than Tatum's; Peterson is punchier, edgier, with a more vigorous use of dynamics and accentual shifts between the right and left hands. Both men are masters of chordal manipulation, but I wish that both would simplify as often as they ramify. Fireworks are ravishing, no doubt, but there are many pleasures from more placid lights.

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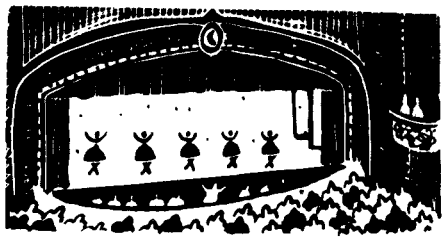
Opera—Romantic, Bouffe, Seria

HERBERT WEINSTOCK

IN 1900, composing "Rusalka," his ninth opera, Antonín Dvorak was a fifty-eight-year-old master of the art of music who had four more years to live. His symphonies were behind him, the "New World" by seven years; so were the five notable symphonic poems he had written in 1896 and 1897; so, finally, was all of his chamber music. The Czech poet Jaroslav Kvapil had supplied him with a viable libretto that three other composers had refused. It is based on the widespread legend to be encountered in various guises in the ballet "Giselle," Dargomizhsky's "Rusalka," Puccini's first opera, "Le Villi," and such folk-based literary works as Gerhart Hauptmann's "Die Versunkene Glocke": that of the sprite or mermaid who tries to fulfil a human love, only to be drawn back into her lonely supernatural state. The result of Dvorak's labor was an opera that became more popular in Prague and other Bohemian centers than any other but Smetana's "The Bartered Bride." Nonetheless, it has remained all but unknown to the non-Slavic world. Now a generally magnificent recording makes clear that neglect of "Rusalka" has worked to the detriment of our operatic pleasure.

Modern Western listeners may not favor the style of "Rusalka" (high, lush romanticism, full-blown); they may not like what a German translation of the Czech libretto does, necessarily, to the rhythms and accents of Dvorak's music (hundreds of notes dropped, equal hundreds added to fit the German words); they may criticize adversely the vaguely toneless singing of Gottlob Frick in the bass role of the Water Spirit. But in general it seems to me impossible to withhold warm admiration from the "complete" recording of "Rusalka" now issued by Urania (URLP 219, $18.50). In the difficult high-tessitura soprano part of the mermaid, Elfride Trötschel is convincing and lovely to hear; as the faithless prince who comes to prefer a human princess, the tenor Helmut Schindler is excellent. The direction of the Saxon State Orchestra and the Chorus of the Dresden State Opera by Joseph Keilberth follows Dvorak's tempos and agogic indications to complete success.

Evident in the texture of the Dvorak score are the pervasive power of Czech folk music and an admiration for the Tchaikovsky of "Eugene Onegin." Never dull, the three acts of "Rusalka" rise again and again to richly textured passion. That this passion is predominantly lyric rather than dramatic matters little in the presence of handsome musical material beautifully manipulated. Far from finding these six LP sides long, I resent their not including an orchestral andante-allegro and the ballet music of Act II, a longish choral passage in



that act, and another choral passage in Act III. This recording of "Rusalka" must be classified with the most important of the additions to operatic knowledge and pleasure which LP has made possible. Up to now, Central European writers on music have appeared to me to exaggerate Dvorak's quality. But with "Rusalka" as new aural evidence, I am prepared to raise my own estimate of him very near to theirs.

Of Gluck's "The Reformed Drunkard" ("L'Ivrogne corrigé") not so much can be said. In a Renaissance LP (X38, $5.95) this brief two-act opera is presented adequately but without distinction by actor-singers, with René Leibowitz conducting the "Paris Philharmonic Orchestra." An opéra-bouffe composed in Vienna and produced at Schönbrunn in 1760, it antedates "Orfeo ed Euridice" by two years, Gluck's other masterworks by more. Dealing with a farcical stratagem by which a wily wife cures her husband of drunkenness, it attempts no characterization. The music itself is moderately pleasant, but presents few hints of the Gluck who is remembered. It underlines the musicologists' dictum that Gluck was a slipshod opera-grinder for two decades, a man who girded himself for greatness only as he approached his fiftieth year.

With Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," now presented complete on a Period LP set (SPLP 550, $18.50), we return to a musical world preceding not only Dvorak and Gluck, but also the Mozart who composed great operas. For "Tito," though composed in 1791, is unmitigated opera seria, old-fashioned when Mozart wrote it in less than three weeks while composing "Die Zauberflöte" and the Requiem. It lacks all the astonishing vitality of "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," rises to no such beauties as crowd "Die Entführung aus dem Serail." It is a formula opera, with stiff arias and ensembles portioned out according to the prestige of the singers. This would not matter, of course, if Mozart had filled it with great music: he worked miracles on the confusions of "Die Zauberflöte." But the sad, understandable fact is that he not only allowed his lack of interest in the slightly revised Metastasio libretto to show through, but even allowed his friend Franz Xaver Süssmayr to compose the "dry" recitatives (omitted from this recording). The result is a hall filled with plaster casts of the classic past: it makes the remembered gestures of—but is not—the real thing.

Yet moments of great, Mozartian beauty are not lacking in "La Clemenza di Tito," and in this recording the soloists, the Swabian Choral Society, and the Tonstudio Orchestra of Stuttgart, under the baton of Gustav Lund, deal lovingly and to good purpose with the opera, making it about as attractive as it can be made. The recording is invaluable as a document; but nobody must go to it expecting "Tito" to prove a major addition to Mozart's magnificence. On the sixth side of the recording, the Tonstudio Orchestra and Gustav Lund give a neat, in-the-style performance of the complete score of Mozart's ballet "Les Petits Riens."

All three of the recordings discussed above are supplied with complete librettos both in the language sung and in English. The printed English translation of "L'Ivrogne corrigé," unfortunately, puts the racy French into incredible twentieth-century American slang. Thus, "Ahi" becomes "Yike," and "Ce sot" is represented by "This lush"!

Editor's Addenda

BIZET: *"Les Pêcheurs de Perles." René Leibowitz conducting soloists, chorus, and Paris Philharmonic Orchestra.* (*Renaissance* SX 205, $18.50.)

CONDUCTOR Leibowitz has a sure and animating feeling for this sometimes charming, sometimes discursive work, which provides a fair

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enough working knowledge of its properties. However, the kind of easy, stylistically sure vocalization it requires is only occasionally provided by a cast of which Jean Borthayre, who sings Zurga, is consistently good, Enzo Seri, the tenor voice for Nadir, occasionally satisfactory, and Mattiwilda Dobbs, as the Leila is identified, infrequently acceptable. For the most part the recording is clear and well-balanced.

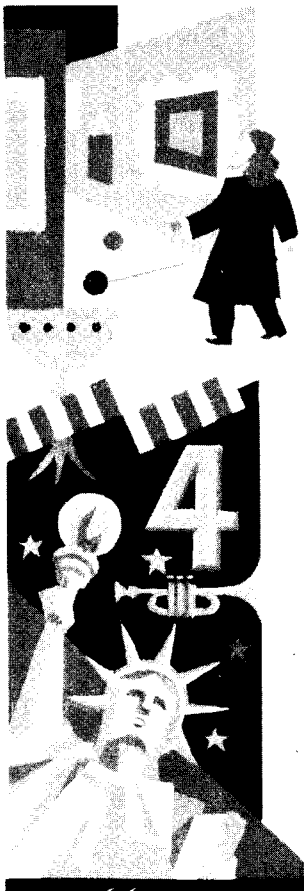
PUCCINI: *"La Bohème." Daniza Illitsch (Mimi), Ratko Delorco (Rodolfo), and Theo Baylé (Marcello), with Wilhelm Loibner conducting.* (Remington 199, $7.57.)

AN economy version which is a doubtful economy at three-record length, pushing its total cost not too far away from the "luxury" editions of RCA Victor (Toscanini-Albanese-Peerce), London (Tebaldi-Gueden-Erede), and Columbia (Tucker-Sayão), all on two discs. Its notable merit is the middling-attractive vocalization of Illitsch, who had a variable Metropolitan career a few years ago, singing much heavier roles than Mimi. Her Italian is peculiar, but the vocal quality is sometimes striking. Delorco is a better than acceptable Rodolfo, but Loibner follows more often than he leads. Variable recording, varying from ample to strident with nothing to be called suavity at any point.

PUCCINI: *"Tosca." Beniamino Gigli, Maria Caniglia, and Armando Borgioli with the orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Rome, conducted by Oliviero de Fabritiis.* (RCA Victor LCT 6004, $11.44.)

A different kind of "economy" version in which the famous recording of which Gigli is the predominant element is offered at two-record length, whereas the recent Westminster is a three-record affair. To be sure, the prewar Italian recording does not challenge the postwar Viennese, just as the latter has nothing to compare with Gigli's remarkable singing as Cavaradossi. On final re-examination it may rank as quite the best thing he ever did for the phonograph—forceful, well-controlled, and unquestionably golden. Caniglia does not always please me, and Borgioli comes close to displeasing with his dry, quavery tones, but De Fabritiis holds the whole together admirably, rising to something like heights in Act II. In any case, if it's remarkable Gigli you want, here it is in ample measure. Fine orchestral playing, and a highly successful transfer of the original.

—I. K.



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Recordings in Review

Ravel Unraveled

RAVEL: *Piano music, complete. Robert Casadesus, piano, with Gaby Casadesus, piano.* (Columbia LP's 4518/19/20, $5.45 each.)

HERE IS a major undertaking on LP, sound in conception, almost flawless in execution, exploring a literature and defining its expanse at the same time. Admirable in thoroughness (the treatment is so "complete" that the notes can admit that all that is lacking are one unpublished piece and two written for musical magazines), it is also admirable in congruity. Robert Casadesus may not meet every challenge as completely as a team of the best individuals might, but he provides a thoroughgoing sensitvity that would be hard to parallel in any other single performer.

Something about a two-hour recital of Ravel suggested a fair possibility of monotony somewhere along the line. The fact is that, owing either to the man's inherent resourcefulness or the skill with which the works have been arranged, variety is the dominant impression, with a stylistic distinction between the clarity of such shorter pieces as the "Sonatine," the "Tombeau de Couperin," the "Habañera," the "Pavanne pour une infante défunte" and the mistier impressionism of "Miroirs" and "Gaspard de la Nuit."

One challenge that the player of such a miscellany must accept is the listener's recollection of a considerable quantity of it as expanded into orchestral form by the composer—"Alborado del Gracioso," the "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," the "Tombeau de Couperin," "Ma Mère l'Oye," even the "Pavanne" and "Habañera." The oddity is that, among all of these, the one that fares least well—for all the cleverness of the performance, and it is extremely good—is "Ma Mère l'Oye" with two pianos expanding the resource of the single instrument. The conclusion must be that the duo-piano form was, as in the case of the Brahms-Haydn variations, merely a sketch for a more colorful finished portrait.

It is impossible in a brief review such as this to encompass all the nuances of Casadesus's playing or to do more than hint at his remarkable gamut. If he does not break ground beyond Gieseking's still amazing "Ondine," "Le Gibet," and "Scarbo," or precipitate every liquid fragment as Cortot did in "Jeux d'Eau," the evenness of accomplishment is initially amazing, and eventually deeply satisfying. As incidental diversions, I commend the wonderful take-off on Gounod called "A la manière de Emmanuel Chabrier," and the delightful "Menuet sur le nom d'Haydn." The piano tone has fine sheen, crispness, and liquidity where each quality is desirable, the surfaces a little more rasp than pleases the ear.

A New View of Oistrakh

PROKOFIEV: *Concerto in D (Opus 19)*; MIASKOVSKY: *Violin Concerto (Opus 44). David Oistrakh, violin, with orchestra conducted by A. Gauk.* (Period SPLP 539, $5.95.)

BRAHMS: *Double Concerto in A minor. David Oistrakh, violin, and Milos Sadlo, cello, with Prague Symphony Orchestra conducted by Karol Ancerl.* (Colosseum CRLP 120, $5.45.)

AS long ago as the first appearance of David Oistrakh as a solo performer (in the Khatchaturian Concerto) the evidence was clear that he was a virtuoso in the greatest Russian tradition, with the kind of violin mastery that seems to flourish on the nether side of the Volga as nowhere else in the world. If there have been, since then, reservations about his stature as a musician—for want of corroborating evidence—there need be no longer. It is hard to imagine his part of the Brahms played better, or the Prokofiev as well, for that matter.

As the greater challenge, in a conventional sense, the Brahms invites attention first, and it shows Oistrakh as a musician fully conversant with the traditions of such music, a tonal gamut—especially on the E string—quite extraordinary. Sadlo is by no means overshadowed by the company here, which means that he is a very good cellist as well. The total, however, is not in the class of either the RCA Victor or Westminster editions, for the recording is no better than routine, the conducting and orchestral playing decent enough but hardly outstanding.

As a combination of violinistic wizardry and stylistic perception, Oistrakh's playing of the Prokofiev is in a class by itself. With due respect to Szigeti, one must recognize that no previous performance—at least, none on records—has put every note so solidly in place as Oistrakh's does, with a formidable alignment of rhythmic accent, melodic awareness, and tonal purity. The work might almost have been written for Oistrakh, so keenly does its demand on the higher reaches of the E string coincide with his uncommon command of that tricky area. This is quite a good recording, the accompanying Miaskovsky decidedly not—with much surface noise, limited fidelity, poor balance, and so forth.

The London of V. W.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *"London" Symphony. Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (London LL 569, $5.95.)

THOUGH the "London" Symphony of Ralph Vaughan Williams is yet to attain the distinction of recording by a composer not natively English, it has been uncommonly happy in its interpreters—first Sir Henry Wood, then Eugene Goossens, and now Sir Adrian Boult. Each of these has contributed something to its better understanding, the last of these not least by virtue of a recording from Kingsway Hall that is not only the richest and most substantial the work has had, but close to the best London has done on behalf of anyone. The drive and power of the playing may be attributed in some part to the unseen, unheard, but still palpable fact that the composer was present as it was made, about the time of his eightieth birthday.

The force of the writing, its humanity and warmth have always appealed to me, even before a recent visit to London gave a new perspective to the persuasive likeness Vaughan Williams has realized of his vast subject. Tonal portraits are ever questionable esthetic projects, since they assume a knowledge of the subject portrayed as prerequisite for appreciation. My experience with the "London" Symphony is that it stimulates in prospect, verifies in retrospect—about as much as anyone can ask of a work of art. Merely as vibrant sound wonderfully reproduced, the disc has an interest quite its own.

A for Ansermet

RAVEL: *"Rapsodie Espagnole";* DEBUSSY: *"Nocturnes." Ernest Ansermet conducting the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.* (London LL 530, $5.95.)

A GOOD rule of thumb where recordings of orchestral Ravel and Debussy are concerned is: "You'll find it pays to wait for Ansermet's." Con-

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sidering the compact size of his catalogue and the very high percentage of quality he has maintained, it must be recognized that he is one more in a growing list of conductors who have made a science of recording. A well-chosen repertory helps, too.

Both of these sides are close to the best he has made, which means that they are in the category of the best recordings ever made. The Ravel is particularly rewarding, for the restraint and intimacy of the opening sections give way gradually to the aurora burst of color at the end, and Ansermet brings it up as carefully as any master electrician building up a sunrise. In fact, it is only in the aftermath of the climax that one realizes with what remarkable discipline he has held his orchestral resources in hand.

If I have given priority to the Ravel, it is only because there is Stokowski's version of the "Nocturnes" to challenge very closely the quality of Ansermet's. In the end, however, I prefer the more supple shaping of phrases by Ansermet, the avoidance of extraneous personality to challenge Debussy's. The ending chorus in "Sirènes" has a mystically poetic effect hardly possible to duplicate in the concert hall. Altogether, a rather wonderful disc in which the makers can take full pride.

FFRR X?

HAYDN: *Symphony in G ("Military"). Eduard van Beinum conducting the London Philharmonic. Symphony in D (No. 104, "London"). Josef Krips conducting the same.* (London LL 339, $5.95.)

ORDINARILY it is of no concern what symbols, rubrics, or advertising slogans a manufacturer attaches to his product, for most of them signify hopes rather than attainments. However, FFRR is one, at least, that has come to greater respectability than others. Indeed, when London decided to produce LP's we were soberly informed that old masters would be discarded and a new catalogue created to maintain "London (FFRR) quality."

To a degree, that has been true; now, London is turning more and more to such accepted performances as the Munch Franck Symphony and the Joyce "Variations Symphoniques" (see page 52), for good and proper economic reasons. That is quite all right with us, if the end product satisfies. We have been too receptive to all sorts of restorations to quarrel with London's change of mind.

However, on finding the present pairing of Haydn symphonies somewhat inferior to the London standard in tonal quality, I made an inquiry and was informed that the Krips, at least, dates from 1939. It could still be a highly desirable record, but certainly it is not FFRR—as it is bravely identified in the usual way—for that symbol did not come into existence until 1945 at least. Thus, it seems to me, the buyer is being misinformed, if nothing more. We know all about the aborning catalogue of records, some excellent, that English Decca made before the war—but it is no more FFRR than a silk shirt is nylon. The Van Beinum is an early postwar product, and not of expectable FFRR quality. The performances, incidentally, are rather ordinary, less interesting altogether than the ones by Scherchen.

Capital Steinberg by Capitol

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 6 ("Pastorale"). William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* (Capitol S-8159, $5.72.)

SCHUBERT: *Symphonies No. 2 (B flat) and 8 (B minor, "Unfinished"). The same.* (Capitol S-8162, $5.72.)

THOUGH William Steinberg does not begin his resident direction of the Pittsburgh Symphony until next fall, a recent guest visit produced these highly promising auguries of things to come. It's now upwards of four years since Fritz Reiner made his last records with the orchestra he built, and one had forgotten in the interim just how fine an ensemble he created. (For that matter, the Columbia recording in Syria Mosque was no blessed thing, either).

William Steinberg at rehearsal —"a real sense of communion."

One is especially taken in the "Pastorale" by the sweetness and warmth of the string playing, the clarity of the woodwinds. Some part of this may be due to the even-tempered, attractively phrased performance commanded by Steinberg, and the engineers merit special recognition for doing such good work in an auditorium not considered suitable for the purpose; but a good proportion of it is inherent in the orchestra itself.

Steinberg's "Pastorale"—aside from a proper demonstration in the "Storm" —has a delightfully intimate, almost chamber-music quality which builds through the legitimate opportunities in the score to a powerful climax. For a rarity, one feels a real sense of communion with nature, not a mere playing of notes, some loud, some soft. He is also decidedly successful with the earlier of the two Schubert symphonies, especially in the variations (Andante), a feast of fine phrasing and sensitive articulation. The "Unfinished" I find a little measured and straightlaced, though again very carefully supervised. On the whole, if Steinberg is not a giant "personality," he is a sincere, thoroughly cultivated musician whose Beethoven and Schubert are decidedly worth knowing. The next Capitols could strive for a little more sharpness of detail; the sound here is sometimes a bit veiled, for all its other virtues.

The Marschallin of Lemnitz

STRAUSS: *"Der Rosenkavalier": Finales of Acts I and III. Tiana Lemnitz, Eflride Trötschel, and Georgine von Milinkowic, with Ferdinand Leitner conducting the Wiirttemberg State Orchestra.* (Decca DL 9606, $5.85.)

WHAT New York, and America generally, have been missing for a dozen years or more is graphically revealed in this extensive pair of excerpts from "Der Rosenkavalier," in which Tiana Lemnitz sings a large part of the Marschallin's music more beautifully than it has been heard from any soprano since Lotte Lehmann was in her prime. It points the regrettable fact that when Edward Johnson offered her a Metropolitan Opera contract in 1938, Lemnitz decided she "wasn't ready," with well-known consequences.

Here she sings two magnificent portions of the score (the first begins at "Da geht er hin," the second at "Mein Gott, es war nicht mehr als eine Farce," and each goes without inter-

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4. Friedrich Wührer, piano, with orchestra conducted by Karl Randolf. Remington R-199-72, $2.19.	Neither performer is known to me, but they present a technically accurate performance, uncontaminated by imagination, fantasy, or other extraneous ingredients. Big spacious sound with accentuated highs introducing wiry distortion into the strings; rather coarse texture throughout.
Beethoven. Concerto in D. Alfredo Campoli, violin, with London Symphony conducted by Josef Krips. London LL 560, $5.95.	Suave sure-fingered work by Campoli, tending to be emotionally limp, esthetically non-compelling. Fine-sounding violin playing, but not convincing Beethoven. Krips goes along with him perhaps too far in stressing the surface and plumbing the depths not at all. Good sound.
Brahms: "Schicksalslied." Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony. RCA Victor LM 149, $4.67.	A curious pairing of Brahms's choral work with a transcription of the C minor Passacaglia of Bach (Respighi version). Monteux's part of the Brahms is well accomplished, but the English text is hardly welcome, the intoning by the Stanford University Chorus second rate.
Debussy: "L'Aprés-midi," etc. Ernest Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande orchestra. London LS 503, $4.95.	Well-phrased, beautifully shaded playing of Debussy, followed by the raucous "Circus Polka" of Stravinsky— which may or may not be just what one wants after the "Faun." Overside are Ravel's "Alborado del Gracioso" and the "March" from "Love of Three Oranges."
Franck: Symphony; "Variations Symphoniques." Charles Munch conducting; Eileen Joyce, piano. London LL 464, $5.95.	Transfers from the editions previously issued on 78 rpm, and more than reasonably successful. The quieter passages of the piano-orchestra work are marred by background rumble. Otherwise, an apt answer to the question of the Franck repertory.
Handel: "Water Music." Fritz Lehmann conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Decca DL 9594, $5.95.	The full (twenty items) series in the Chrysander edition, played with far more polish and better reproduced than the earlier version of Bales and the National Gallery Orchestra. When even *this* comes in duplicate, it's rash to buy the first, if unsatisfactory, version of anything. Good clear sound, excellent balance.
Mozart: Symphonies in D (No. 31) and E flat (No. 39). Josef Krips and the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL 542, $5.95.	Grateful attention to the charming "Paris" Symphony (No. 31) in a better pairing than its previous version by Dorati (with Bartók "Srting Divertimento"). The Krips E flat is not as successful in terms of the challenge in the score, for it comes out as impersonal as it is musically unassailable. The finale, especially, lacks sparkle. Admirable sound.
Mozart: Sonatas in B flat (K. 281 and 570), G (K. 283) and C (K. 545). Jacqueline Blancard, piano. London LL 529, $5.95.	Blancard's qualifications for playing Mozart are swift, well-disciplined fingers, and a good sense of melodic statement. Beyond this, her sound is percussive to my ears, and there is no pronounced feeling for the idiom. Very clean piano sound, among the best London has done with this instrument.
Mahler: "Das Klagende Lied." Zoltan Fekete conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, with Ilona Steingruber, Sieglinde Wagner, and Ernst Majkut. Mercury MG 10102, $5.95.	A Mahler première (not only for the phonograph but for most listeners as well) and a worthy one. The setting of the text is remarkably vivid, the orchestral writing sumptuous, with a more consistent line than is common in his non-verbal music. Excellent performance by Fekete and the soloists, splendidly balanced recording with superior detail. A must for anyone with an ear for Mahler.
Pergolesi: Concerto in E flat (No. 5). Virtuosi di Roma, Renato Fasano conducting. Decca DL 9598, $5.85.	Insinuating musical thought, spun with impressive artistry under the attentive direction of Fasano. Two similarly brief concerti of Albinoni and Cirri and an aria of Marcello are additional matter of the two sides. Rather better sound than was heard in the previous Virtuosi di Roma release, though still thinnish and without resonance as present-day recording goes.
Scarlatti: Sonata in C minor (Longo 10) and seven others. Kathleen Long, piano. London LS 524, $4.95.	A generally unfamiliar group of sonatas (Nos. 142, 294, and 382 are the only duplications I can trace) played with rare finesse and understanding of the style by the dependable Long. She neither sentimentalizes nor underplays, while utilizing the color resources of the piano with keen discrimination. The engineers have done well by her.
Schubert: Impromptus (Opus 90 and 142). Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Columbia ML 4527, $5.45.	Firkusny's sensitive musicianship and always considerate treatment of the instrument complement a repertory ideally suited for a single LP. Singly or in a combination, these intensely Schubertian pieces are a rich source of musical satisfaction, and Firkusny is a qualified spokesman for them. Fine resonant piano sound, wide dynamic range.
Strauss: "Blue Danube" and "Vienna Woods" Waltzes. Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia AAL 13, $2.85.	Not by any means the best of Strauss on records, including other performances by Ormandy himself. Softness of outline, warmth of mood are wanting in performances rather more machine-made than desirable. Good sound, but not in the class of recently admired Philadelphia-Columbia discs.
Tchaikovsky: "The Months." Morton Gould and his orchestra. Columbia ML 4487, $5.45.	An attractive addition to the Tchaikovsky literature, created by Morton Gould out of the twelve piano pieces of Opus 37a. I would have preferred the orchestration to be wholly for orchestra without the piano interludes that introduce concerto-like flourishes. However, the orchestration is gaily, fantastically conceived, the performance expert, the recording extremely clear if a shade brilliant at the climaxes.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50003, $5.95.	The latest in the series of Chicago Symphony recordings to come this way, and distinctly the best of them—more natural balance, less emphasis on mere decibels. The first movement, with its quiet throbbing tympani, is especially fine, and very well handled by conductor Kubelik. On the whole, the soft effects throughout are a trend to be encouraged in contemporary recording. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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ruption to the end of the act), with a flavor and warmth that only a great performer could muster. What puts this record in the category of very good rather than exceptional is a little cautiousness in the singing, as though Lemnitz were herself not altogether sure what might come out, and a blurry kind of acoustic set-up in which the voices are generally more prominent than the orchestra, and Leitner seems to be holding the sound down, save at climaxes.

However, both Trötschel, as Sophie, and Von Milinkowic are excellent (as is the unidentified voice of Faninal), and the totality is nearer the Straussian ideal than anything since the Lehmann-Olszewska-Mayr-Heger album of yesteryear. Save for the blur above noted and the underplaying of Leitner, the recording is very rich in sound.

Spotlight on Berger

BERGER: *Partita, other works by Shapero, Sessions, and Flanagan. Bernhard Weiser, piano.* (New Editions LP 1, $5.95.)

CUSTOMARILY this disc would go for review to the hand of Arthur Berger, who keeps *SR* readers posted on the latest in neoteric music. However, it contains a "Partita" of his own composition, and it is asking too much that he judge it objectively himself. I find it both an agreeable and a stimulating piece of music, with a deal of pithy, original thinking compressed into its ten-minute length. Something of Copland's influence can be detected in a certain pattern of interval succession, but there is much more that is decidedly Berger's own in refinement of statement, thoughtfulness of sonority, and curve of outline that make sound musical sense.

Weiser plays it with much contrast and definition, as he does also William Flanagan's moody sonata, the First Sonata of Harold Shapero, and a series of Sessions's pieces called "From My Diary." Among these, the last section of the Shapero is the most fanciful, the Sessions the most accomplished in style and confident in manner. I have a slight objection, in principle, to the juxtaposition of so many individualities on a single record, with the result that no single one becomes clearly established. But the obvious purpose of doing maximum good in minimum space is nevertheless achieved. The singular thing about this disc is the sense of musical purpose that pervades all the works. That is by no means the unfailing rule in a miscellany of contemporary effort.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Winston Churchill "Blood Sweat & Tears"
Mussolini—War in France 1939
Wm. Jennings Bryan "Lord's Prayer" 1904
Enrico Caruso Singing "Over There" 1918
P. T. Barnum—Posterity Message 1890
Ignaz Paderewski—Thanking America 1940
George M. Cohan—Toasting English King & Queen—1939
George Bernard Shaw—"Broken & Spoken English"
Calvin Coolidge "I Do Not Choose to Run"
Floradora Sextette "Tell Me Pretty Maiden" 1900
Harry Lauder "She's My Daisy"

Rudolph Valentino "Kashmiri" 1923
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Sir Oliver Lodge "Time & Space"
Andrew Carnegie "Gospel of Wealth" 1913
Wm. McKinley 1900 Campaign
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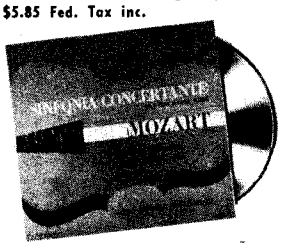

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

WHEN the record trade returned to business after Easter, the following communication from Electrical and Musical Industries Ltd. was found among the accumulated mail:

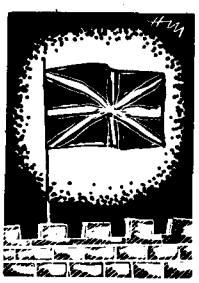
GRAMOPHONE RECORDS—A STATEMENT OF POLICY

On the 2nd October 1950 we directed a letter to you under this heading, and you will recollect that we concluded with the promise to provide our dealers with six months notice of any intention on the part of the EMI Group to introduce to the British market records of speeds other than the Standard 78 rpm.

We now advise you of our intention to commence the distribution of MICROGROOVE records in the United Kingdom as from October 1952, further details of which will be forwarded to you in due course.

We wish to emphasize that the introduction of MICROGROOVE records will in no way limit the availability of STANDARD 78 rpm records from the catalogues of the EMI companies, or restrict the monthly addition of such standard records to those catalogues.

When, after the first sigh of relief, one reread the letter it was noticed that the term "long-playing" was conspicuous by its absence; "microgroove," as we know, can mean either real long-playing records, or 45 rpm, or both. The further doubt and confusion this letter has produced in some minds was, of course, precisely what those who drafted the statement intended. We knew for some time that there were some in EMI who had regretted the rash promise of "six months notice"—so the new statement is just sufficient to prevent an accusation of bad faith, but does not give away any vital information.



As a matter of fact, I know perfectly well that it is going to be LP in October, with the possibility of 45 rpm (mainly light music) as well. But many people prefer to wait for official confirmation of this fact from EMI; they will not take any steps in the direction of LP until they see what equipment EMI are putting on the market, the contents of their first LP lists. It is surprising, too, how many of them have only the haziest of notions as to the nature of the 45 rpm record; they believe it to be another form of LP and are usually astonished to learn the real facts. This confusion and ignorance has been on EMI's side these past two years, and I feel that Decca might well have done more in its publicity to enlighten the public about 45 rpm.

EMI's announcement has deprived the latest issues of some of their interest, yet the May list does contain some recordings which, in the "good old days," would have caused quite a stir. There is, for instance, the Toscanini performance of "La Mer" and even now there are quite a few enthusiasts who, fearing perhaps that they might not live until next October, cannot bear to wait until it appears on LP. HMV's first recording to be made in the Royal Festival Hall under studio conditions brings us Moussorgsky's "A Night on the Bare Mountain" and the Entr' acte from Act IV of "Khovantschina"; the playing by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Malko is nothing out of the ordinary, but the sound has a thrilling "presence." Almost equally good from a technical standpoint is Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter Festival" Overture, but the performance by Dobrowen and the Philharmonia is patchy.

Orchestral musicians, a cynical breed, will often tell you that one conductor is much as any other. Yet we find an orchestra like the Philharmonia, which has no permanent conductor, giving routine performances with Malko and Dobrowen and playing like angels for Herbert von Karajan. Karajan has been invited to make a tour of the principal cities of western Europe during the latter part of this month, and he promptly asked the Philharmonia to come with him. Together they will give sixteen concerts in less than three weeks, and their itinerary includes Paris, Zürich, Milan, Vienna, Berlin, and Hamburg. To mark this tour Columbia has issued a magnificent performance of Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," one of the pieces which they are taking with them on their journey to the Continent; it is superbly recorded.

The four lieder records which round off this survey form an unusual group,

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for only one of the singers—Irmgard Seefried—is using her mother tongue. Her selection of four Mozart songs—"Zufriedenheit," K. 349; "Warnung," K. 433; "Das Kinderspiel," K. 598; "Der Zauberer," K. 472—adds up to a choice dish, for she sings them enchantingly and Gerald Moore, as so often, is her worthy partner. Victoria de los Angeles, despite producing some beautiful sounds in Schumann's "Der Nussbaum" and Brahms's "Von ewiger Liebe," does not really succeed in projecting the full meaning of these beautiful songs, while the Italian bass Nicola Rossi-Lemeni (who is, I believe, partly of Russian ancestry) makes an appallingly ill-judged bow to English audiences with Schubert's "Doppelgänger" and Wolf's "Verborgenheit." We had heard great things about Rossi-Lemeni, and his King Philip in a recent broadcast from Italy of "Don Carlo" was most impressive, but this Parlophone disc contains some of the worst lieder singing yet offered on records. I cannot resist quoting the apt comment of my colleague Alec Robertson in the current issue of *The Gramophone*: "Verborgenheit means secrecy, and there are some secrets best kept to oneself. This is one of them."

OF the "foreigners" singing in German, the most successful is our own Margaret Ritchie, who manages to endow Liszt's somewhat undistinguished setting of "Kennst Du das Land?" with all her artistry and charm. This soprano often reminds us, particularly in her twittery upper register, of an artist whose recent, sudden death has come as a profound shock to her numerous admirers in this country. I refer, of course, to Elisabeth Schumann, an adorable singer and an enchanting personality whether on the stage or on the concert platform.

She occupied a corner in many of our hearts which it will be impossible to fill. I last saw her when she sang, taught, and lectured at Bryanston Summer School (she would have returned this year and had planned to settle down in London afterwards), and shall not soon forget her facial expression, half mischief, half exasperation, as she tried to explain the words of Wolf's "In dem Schatten meiner Locken" without "shocking" the more innocent members of her audience. What other singer, with the possible sole exception of Lotte Lehmann, has there ever been who could express such a world of feeling in the two simple words "Ach, nein," at the end of that Hugo Wolf song?

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Peter Rybar—Violin
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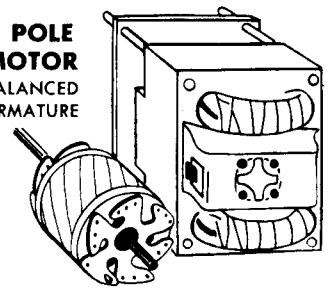

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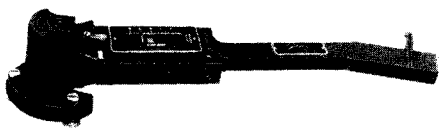

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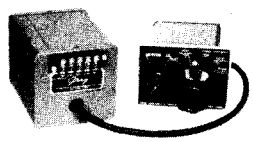

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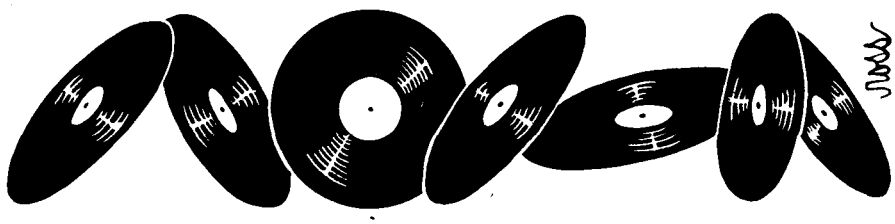

A Bagful of Song

CREDIT the London perceptiveness that sought out such unusual singers as Kathleen Ferrier, Gerard Souzay, Renata Tebaldi, and Suzanne Danco with the introduction of Irma Kolassi, a performer of whom I know nothing save two sides of highly effective performance on London LL 581, $5.95. On one side she sings five settings by Ravel of Greek songs (plus the two "Chansons" of the same background); on the other, a miscellany of Fauré and Aubert, of which the latter's "Le Vaincu" turns out to be quite an exceptional song.

Having been disc-deceived as to the final capacities of Danco and Souzay (when exhibited in the concert hall) I will say no more about Kolassi than that she sounds like a younger, healthier Madeleine Grey, with an edgy, rather acid, but distinctly personal voice that makes expressive business of what she sings. A lively sense of textual meaning and musical inflection give much more character to her material than the mere tonal values in the voice itself. A puzzle here too: for Kolassi is described as a mezzo-soprano, whereas she sounds to me like a fine lyric with the kind of middle register such singers should, but rarely do, have. Jacqueline Bonneau is the able pianist, and the recording is good save for occasional pitch waver. My disc had a pockmark on Side Two which resulted in one of those interminable repetitions of the same groove.

If this is one fortunate bag in an unusually attractive bag of song, it is not better than the very different but wholly compelling disc on which Kathleen Ferrier sings such unprepossessing matter as "Ye Banks and Braes," "Drink to Me Only," "O Waly Waly," and "My Boy Willie" with a vast simplicity, an overwhelming earnestness that once heard is hard to forget. (London LS 538, $4.95). Her vocal power here is as rich as need be, and quite singularly even in texture. On the other hand, I find Gerard Souzay's treatment of Ravel's "Histoires Naturelles" and Falla's "Siete Canciones Populares Españoles" rather overdone on London LS 536, $4.95. His intentions are all good, but the way of expressing them is consistently questionable—the microphoning is too close, the voice too dry, the accent on individual words excessive, in a style more *diseur* than *chanteur*. The same Mme. Bonneau aforementioned accompanies well.

By chance the Falla "Siete Canciones" are currently being offered in a performance by Victoria de los Angeles (RCA Victor LM 131, $4.67) which is closer to, but still a long distance from, the classic one of Conchita Supervia (a Decca reissue on DL 7510). If De los Angeles does not distort as Souzay does, she does not personalize as Supervia did. The same goes for the second side of Granados's "Tonadillas" (a replica of the Supervia second side). It is by no means inept singing, but far coarser in detail, less fine in nuance than the insinuating Conchita's. Likewise—and this is close to heresy—Gerald Moore's piano playing *vs.* Frank Marshall's.

Before attacking a group of other contemporary voices rather heterogeneous in character, I should like to give prominence to a reissue, on the Eterna label (LP 468, $5.95) of the voice of Celestina Boninsegna, who passed through the Metropolitan briefly in 1906 without arousing more than moderate admiration for a truly beautiful voice. Such an attribute alone was not the key to success in those days; and what makes Boninsegna's singing here of excerpts from "Trovatore," "Ballo in Maschera," "Gioconda," "Ernani," and "Cavalleria" notable must have come later in her career. These include, in addition to a wonderfully spun legato, true emotional communication and an elevated sense of style. To judge from the breadth and detail of the reproduction, these must be relatively late acoustical discs. They will not disappoint any Ponselle or Muzio enthusiast, that I can guarantee.

Of the others, Decca DL 7525 ($3.85) commands attention for Walther Ludwig's knowing, but not overpersuasive

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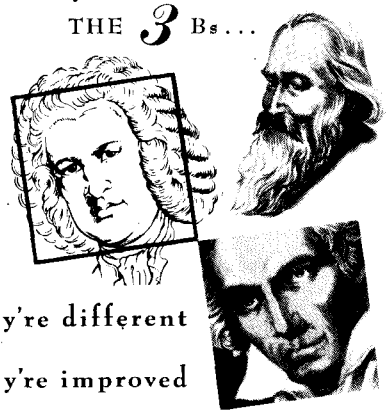

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singing of Schumann's "Dichterliebe" in the Tauber manner but without the Tauber vocal matter. By no means painful, and sometime pleasing; but only one "Dichterliebe" among many possible others. Michael Raucheisen performs the piano parts with businesslike efficiency. About the only adverse thing to be said about Lyrichord LP23 ($5.95), on which Maria Kurenko sings (in Polish) the complete collection of Chopin songs, is that the soprano didn't make them ten years ago. The upper tones are sometimes pinched, the lower one insufficiently supported, but the style is always pertinent, the poetic impulse just. This repertory seems unlikely to be repeated, and even if with more voice, not probably with more artistic justice. Good piano background by Robert Hufstader, suitable reproduction.

Similarly extensive if not so exhaustive is Westminster WL 5124 ($5.95), on which Dr. Alfred Poell sings a comprehensive selection of Beethoven songs (including "An die Ferne Geliebte," and eight other favorites such as "Wachtelschlag," "Adelaide," "In questa tomba," "Wonne der Wehmuth," etc.) with incorruptible intelligence and more than adequate voice. At the end, my impression is that the good doctor is an eminently scholarly performer, with very little interpretative flair or quickening imagination. Victor Graef's piano is well balanced with the voice, but the recording is a little over-live and forward for my taste. If the voice comes to the ear with so much power, it should have more warmth: this one clearly has some help along the way.

Something of a pearl among Poells is the voice of Eleanor Steber in a collection of so-called "Sacred" arias on Columbia ML 4521 ($5.45). The sounds she produces in "With Verdure Clad" (Haydn), "Hear Ye, Israel" (Mendelssohn), "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" (Handel), and Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful" and "Weinen Klagen" are consistently earfilling, sonorous, and well controlled, but without sufficient coloration, shading, or nuance. In the end, though she has every physical asset to perform such material splendidly, it has a bland kind of tonal varnish over it that gives everything the same transparent surface. "Hear Ye, Israel" is the closest Miss Steber comes to an emotional performance, and it is very close. Part of the blame must go to the non-assertive performance of the orchestral backgrounds under the direction of Max Rudolf, and an enveloping, nonfocused recorded sound in which the voice spreads out more than is desirable.

—Irving Kolodin.

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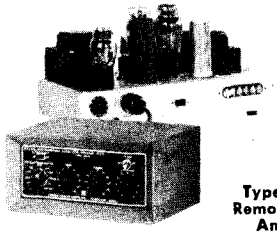

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Four Ten-Watters

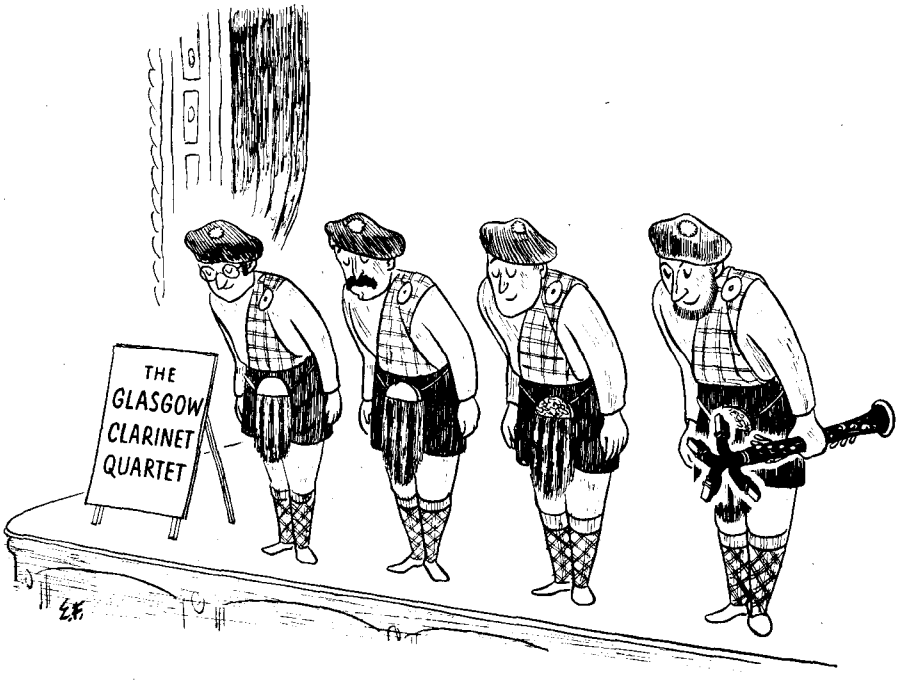
MY sympathy goes to those readers who have been rushing to the nearest hi-fi sound salon to try out a dozen or so amplifiers, with the blithe hope that hearing is believing and a choice can be quickly made. I've been trying merely four ten-watters and I am quite deafened and so full of statistics a book would hardly hold them!

The first item in any useful comparison, and the hardest, is the elimination of variables. One thing at a time. Not just one system (though salesmen would play three or four simultaneously if they could get away with it) but one element. Speaker. Amplifier. Everything else must be rigidly "frozen"—not at all easy to do in these modern sales rooms with their inviting rows of switches and buttons to connect everything. Nevertheless, do it or suffer the consequences in utter confusion.

Furthermore, you can avoid confusing bottlenecks by making use of fancy equipment to help test. You know it's good. A cheap tape recorder, for example, may put more on its tape than it can get off via its own feeble suitcase audio system; feed it into a quality amplifier and speaker and you may be surprised at what you have. Worth knowing. Quality speakers show up the virtues (and deficiences) of cheap amplifiers and, vice versa, a fine amplifier will give the speaker a chance to show off its own. Most sales rooms will do these comparisons for you if you are firm and keep a level head.

Now beware, finally, of irrelevant traps, superficial matters such as volume and equalization. Above all, match volume for volume—or the louder system will tend to sound best, falsely. (Speakers especially should be compared thus. They vary in efficiency, but the loudest one is decidedly not automatically the best in tone.) Preamplifiers are not always equalized identically; fuller bass sound may involve no more than an inconsequent adjustment of the bass control knob. Balance your bass and highs, for comparison, and you will the better judge distortion and tonal range at the upper end and that cleanness and lack of "thump" which means good transient response in the bass.

My own home testing of the four amplifiers, using all of the above principles adding a fifth and top quality machine as a comparison standard, went a bit further, isolating the four amplifiers from their own preamplifiers since trouble can exist in each section independently. Thanks to the convenient push-in plugs now commonly used, I could feed my own top quality preamplifier into each of the four in turn, the Masco MA 10-HF, Thordarson 7 32 W10, Bogen DB 10, and Newcomb P-10-A (all in the $55 range) by-passing their own preamplifiers. Then, the other way around, I fed each preamplifier directly into the fancy machine's power amplifier to see how these reacted, each by each. A simple test, if you can take the mental strain of so many comparisons. Just plug the "preamp output" of one into the "amp input" of another. You'll have to shift the speaker connections



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around too, of course, but that's merely an additional annoyance. Needless to say, there was one speaker system, one pickup and the same record throughout. Eliminate variables.

The $55 amplifier is a budget job and corners are bound to be trimmed, individually according to the manufacturer. These four machines have much competitively in common, with similar circuits ending in a pair of 6V6's, similar one-tube preamplifiers, roughly similar control features and conveniences. The variables may or may not be vital to your own situation—judge for yourself. Three of the four have the new standard separate bass and treble controls, "flat" or "normal" in the middle; the Thordarson is eccentric, with no bass attenuation and a backwards treble control. All have speaker connections to match common speakers, the Masco having the greatest variety with a 500-ohm tap. All four use standard input plugs and sockets. If you have a radio as well as a phonograph player, note that Bogen and Thordarson have a single amplifier input and you wil need an extra switch; Masco gives you a separate radio input and Newcomb has three extras—if you need that many. Bogen gives you a shielded connector to join preamplifier and amplifier but Thordarson provides the plugs to solder your own—a nasty or easy job according to taste. Newcomb alone has a cut-off type scratch filter, excellent for old shellac records. Only Bogen and Masco include built-in power inlets wired through the on-off switch, always useful. (Grommes has two.)

But these are superficials—what of basic performance? With similar circuits, I gather that these four vary mainly according to their output transformers. Rather to my surprise, all the preamplifiers were quiet and free from microphonics. The heaviest transformer is on the Masco and this unit to my ear gives the best performance, barely distinguishable from that of a fancy machine at four times the price. (The Grommes was even a shade closer.) The Thordarson, weak in externals, I'd judge potentially second (it arrived slightly damaged), the Bogen a close third, and the Newcomb relatively deficient in sound response with dullish highs. Probably that transformer. As to looks and "feel," Bogen is the winner, altogether a well-constructed machine; Masco is virtually as good, with a slightly better sound to the ear. I'd expect either to be more dependable than the Grommes, though Grommes has them all beat in sound quality. Maybe I'm splitting hairs.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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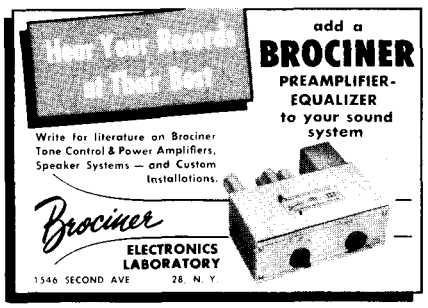
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FRITZ REINER

(*Continued from page 43*)

achieved real popularity at the Met, where the freshest laurels are usually picked up by the singers on the stage. Gone are the days of Toscanini and Mahler and Bodanzky when ovations for the "reluctant" maestro were part of the routine. Customs have changed; even the "traditional" third-act precurtain applause has to be modestly shared with a blasé orchestra scrambling obediently to its feet. There have been many recent occasions, of course, when dominating personalities like Bruno Walter, George Szell, and "Tommy" Beecham galvanized the house into fervent hero-worship. But generally speaking the operatic conductor as a popular idol seems to have entered a period of decline. Yet it must be recognized that Reiner has established real personal contact with his public; that his peculiarly nonchalant entry is greeted with increasing exuberance by people who realize that the chief merit of a great performance emanates from the *Pult;* and that he arouses genuine, old-fashioned enthusiasm. I am thinking particularly of last season's "Elektra," which some critics called the most outstanding event in the Metropolitan for years; also the recently refurbished "Carmen," "Meistersinger," "Figaro," "Rosenkavalier." And I still remember the superb "Falstaff" which he brought out in 1949.

One cannot say that Reiner has spectacularly carried a torch or peddled any particular ideal. Versatility is his middle name, facile mastery his temptation. His avowed preference is for Mozart, which may in part be a natural reaction to the tons of Wagner he has had to conduct. His favorites among his own older recordings are Mozart's G minor symphony, Beethoven's No. 2, and the six Brandenburg concertos of Bach. He is fond of Brahms, and obviously partial to Richard Strauss. He has, moreover, been very generous to contemporary composers, and has done much to naturalize their works in the standard symphony programs of today. He was the first conductor to present Hindemith in this country, has done five of Prokofiev's symphonies, three of Shostakovitch's, and most of Stravinsky's works, including the first performance of the "Bâle" Symphony in 1948.

He has been particularly partial to his compatriot and one-time teacher, Béla Bartók, whom he considers along with Stravinsky to be one of the great innovators of our age. He has introduced to American audiences the "Dance Suite," the two piano concertos, the concerto for two pianos, and the "Concerto for Orchestra." The list of his modern "firsts" is too long for citation, but it is important to add that he has also premiered symphonies by Leonard Bernstein and Lukas Foss (both Reiner pupils in conducting), Walter Piston and Morton Gould, besides numerous other American compositions. To all these works he has impartially applied that highly accomplished handling and sure-fire effectiveness which people have come to take for granted when he conducts. Whatever he touches, "comes off," and he is not unduly inhibited by esthetic speculations or spiritual qualms. The secret of his success lies in his prodigious musical endowment, his quick intellectual grasp, and a manual dexterity rare even among great conductors.

It would be difficult to find a musician, native or foreign-born, who has entered so wholeheartedly into American life. Superficially this may be ascribed to his remarkable adaptability to environment, and the linguistic agility which has, for professional purposes, turned this native Hungarian into a credible fascimile of a German, an Italian, and a Slovenian. But in the process of influencing Americans he has become one by conviction. Reiner out-Americanizes the natives as he goes along. In Cincinnati he bought himself a typical American home; in Pittsburgh he married a charming mid-Western wife. No sooner had he settled on Park Avenue than he built a house in Connecticut, complete with swimming pool, station-wagon, and every gadget known to Sears, Roebuck. He listens to radio and looks at television; and his chief hobby (even before he saw the U.S.) was and is photography, which he practises with the devotion of a scientist and the brilliance of a virtuoso. Reiner is a prodigy in life, as in his art.

One question remains to be answered: where will he go from here? Will a man of his energy and ambition be satisfied with the Metropolitan Opera routine for the rest of his life? My guess is no. It is not likely that he has written *finis* under all he has done for the musical *avant garde.* Like every opera conductor, he hankers after the symphonic podium, and he relishes the days—back in Dresden—when he could do both opera and symphony with equal devotion and success. Moreover, with all his brilliant successes, the highest and most exposed of the permanent symphonic posts have eluded him thus far. He is not the man to give up dreaming at sixty-three.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

Notes on Notes

SIR: In a recent issue [*SR* Apr. 26] both the editor and Roland Gelatt berated record companies for lack of information contained on the jackets of LP's. Careful digging among reference books will eventually bring out information concerning almost any composition, but what public library can furnish biographical data on Claudine Verneuil, Margot Guilleaume, Herbert Handt, Walter Reinart, or other personalities one is likely to encounter in performances from European sources? Only one or two sentences printed in even the smallest type on the record jacket would go a long way toward identifying these "still unfamiliar artists."

JAMES TAYLOR DUNN.

Cooperstown, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We sympathize both with the producer and the consumer in this dilemma, for, often enough, the European source of the recording tenders no information at all about performers to the American distributors. In such circumstances it would seem to me that pertinent data about performers should be as much a part of the bill-of-sale as clear title to the recording itself.*

Chatauqua Addenda

SIR: In your box score of summer festivals, you left out perhaps the longest: the Chatauqua Festival. It opens on June 29 and runs for eight weeks, with a summer school (the oldest summer enterprise of the kind in this country), a six-week series of symphony concerts directed by Franco Autori and guests, and an opera schedule that includes "Amahl and the Night Visitors" and Lukas Foss's "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County."

DAVID H. ZINMAN.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For the oversight, apologies; for the information, thanks.*

Schumann, In Memoriam

SIR: Elisabeth Schumann's death, coming just at the time her review of Frank Walker's book on Hugo Wolf appeared in the *SR* [Apr. 26] is tragic news. Cannot it be hoped that RCA Victor will see fit to reissue on LP her marvelous and possibly definitive interpretations of Schubert songs? It is certain that the response would be a tribute to Mme. Schumann that many would be eager to pay.

LEONARD AMSTER.

New York, N. Y.

Discophiles for Delius

SIR: Please count me among those who would welcome an LP pairing from Columbia of "Sea Drift" and "Appalachia," each about right for a twelve-inch side. We're grateful for the Columbia-Weingartner reissues. How now, Delius?

JAMES W. CAREY.

Ithaca, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *How now, brown cow? The Delius issues are an active project at Columbia, assuming such things as arrangements with the Delius Society, which originally produced the discs, can be worked out.*

Toscanini Ninth

SIR: Has there been any further progress toward the approval of the Toscanini version of the Beethoven symphony No. 9 mentioned as "under consideration" in a recent issue of RECORDINGS?

FOSDICK M. PRYOR.

Sioux City, Iowa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Prior to his departure for Italy a few weeks ago, Toscanini's son Walter announced that his father had given his approval to an issue of the Ninth. The sentiment seemed to be that if not a perfect performance, it was as close to one as Toscanini had achieved in a recording. It is scheduled for fall release.*

"Danäe" for Discs

SIR: I noticed in the "Festival Forecast—European" some time ago [*SR* Mar. 29] that the still unperformed score of the late Richard Strauss's "Loves of Danäe" is scheduled for performance at Salzburg this summer. Is there a chance it might be recorded for those not able to go abroad?

J. M. HUNT.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Considering last summer's Bayreuth activity it would seem more than a reasonable hope that an enterprising company will respond to this opportunity.*

Attention, Jazz Collectors

SIR: I wonder if you can tell me the name and publisher of the most recent and comprehensive directory of collectors of jazz records. . . . "The International Jazz Collectors Directory" is known to me, but it is now four years old. What I am trying to secure is a directory of collectors which is more recent than this—say, one year or less.

BERNARD TASSLER.

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Such a directory is not known in this office, but interested collectors can address reader Tassler at 901 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.*

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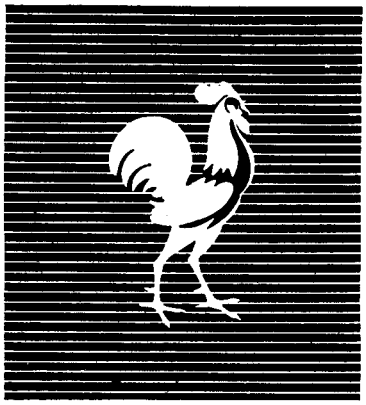

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